THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, { EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1857. TERMS, { $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 34.

TO MISS SALLIE M. BRYAN.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Long thy mystic tones, dear Sallie,
Have been sounding through my brain,
Like the distant voice of ocean
In the pause of wind and rain.
And in midnight's solemn musings,
And the haunted dreams of sleep
Oft to thine my spirit answers,
As deep calleth unto deep.

I have dreamed thy soul a sea-shell
From the upper deep sublime,
Cast by some unpitying billow
On this rocky shore of time,
Where its sweet and dirge-like breathings
Seem a low and mournful sigh,—
A deep, ever-restless pining
For its far home in the sky.

I have dreamed thy soul a wind-harp,
Of a weird and wondrous power,
Breathing out its strange, wild music
In the twilight's wizard hour,
Gently swept by gales of Eden,
(When the earth-wind's wings are furled,)
And in mournful cadence telling
Of its own dear native world.

There's a realm within thy spirit,
Filled with grandeur and with gloom,
Where each tone is like a heart-wail,
And each earth-swell seems a tomb
And the flowers—a sombre tinting
Overspreads their ghostly forms,
As if nurtured by the droppings
But of passing thunder-storms.

While thy calm, angelic features
In serenest beauty sleep,
Thy high thoughts, in vivid flashes
On our startled vision leap.
'Tis as if the keen, red lightnings
Should burst wildly from the fold
Of a soft, white cloud of morning
Tinged with violet, blue, and gold.

There's a tall plant of the Tropics,
That, amid its bristling spears,
Puts forth one all-beauteous blossom
With each score of passing years.
And our human race, dear minstrel,
Is a plant of kindred power,
Once in each score years it blossoms
And thou art its glorious flower.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORT.

Peter Robinson whispered to his eldest boy, whose name was Charles, and bade him run forward and ask Philip Lancey to come to him. The little fellow was used to working his way through the woods, so he was but a few moments in delivering the errand. Walter Lancey heard it, and he mistrusted, or suspected, its import

"Philip," he said, "my efforts thus far, instead of laming me, have served to render my joints more pliable, and I can make my way alone very easily. If Robinson wants you for assistance—to help him form a rear guard—then remain with him. I am earnest in what I say. See:—There! Had I ventured upon such exercise sooner I might have been better off."

As the old man spoke he leaped over a fallen log that lay in the way, and pushed on right boldly. Philip made him promise that he would send back for him if he felt faint, and then he waited till Robinson came up.

"Had you not better be here with me?" the latter asked, as the young man stood by his side. "Those savages are upon our trail, as sure as fate! I am not afraid. I only seek the good of the whole party."

"You are right," returned our hero. "My father says he can walk alone, and I will remain with you. But be cautious how you tread. If you feel a dry stick beneath your feet don't break it if you can help it."

Robinson said he had avoided that, though he possessed not the keen perception of those who had been longer used to the forest. Philip Lancey could detect a dead twig the moment his foot came in contact with it, and in nearly every case he could avoid bearing his step upon it.

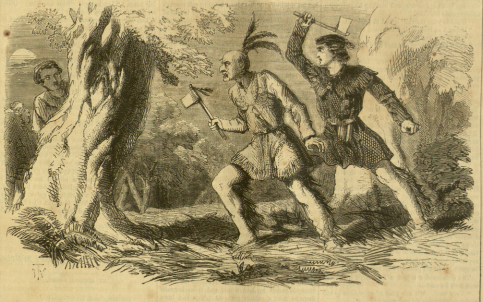
The moon, which had an hour before been shining upon the forest, was now hidden behind the clouds, so that the way was very dark. She gave some light, however, as the clouds were in detached masses, and not very dense. Had the gentle queen of night been totally obscured, and the stars all shut out, the fugitives could not have moved at all in such a place. Jocko heard the enemy close behind, and he knew that much depended upon him; but he could only trust to fortune and push blindly on. He knew that he was moving towards the river, and that was all. Whether a bog or a rock lay before him he knew not until the toilsome way had been passed over.

"Hist!" uttered Philip, who was in the rear, seizing Robinson by the skirt of his frock. "There is an Indian close upon us!"

Robinson stopped, and as the sound of their own footfalls was hushed they heard the tread of the savage plainly behind them.

"Stand you behind that tree," and then touching little Charles upon the shoulder he bade him keep on and say nothing.

Robinson did as his companion had directed, and then Philip glided behind a second tree, and drew his short axe from his belt.



PHILIP LANCEY DISPOSING OF ONE OF HIS PURSUERS.

In a very few moments the savage came on. He was a stout fellow, and seemed to be following a trail which he easily detected, for ever and anon, as his hand touched a bended twig, an "*ugh*" of satisfaction would break from his lips. He came to the two trees, and passed between them. One more step—a cat-like, cautious one—and he bent his ear to listen. He had heard the fall of the fugitive feet ahead, for his breast expanded, and his hand was half raised to his mouth to give tone to the whoop he would send forth to his fellows. But the hand was stayed, and the muscles of the broad bosom relaxed. Philip had marked well his aim, and his axe cleft the red man's skull in twain. He sank to the earth without a groan, and his quivering body was quickly pulled from the trail and cast into the adjoining thicket.

The work was hardly done when the two patriots were startled by a sharp, shrill "*Hiss-s-s!*" close by, and upon listening they found that a second savage was coming, and the sharp hiss had been made for a call to his companion.

"*Hiss-s-s!*" came from Philip's lips, in exact imitation of the sound he had heard, as both he and Robinson resumed their places behind the trees.

The second Indian came quickly forward, and when he reached the narrow space by the two trees he stopped, and sent forth another hiss. As the shrill, whispering call cut through the air the youth's axe came down again with unerring aim, and the savage dropped as his companion had done before him.

The two men listened, but they could hear no more steps immediately behind them. They could hear the crashing and howling in the distance, but they were sure none others were upon their trail.

"These two were sent forward to follow this particular course," said Philip; "and probably others are waiting at the great rock for their signal."

"I think you are right," was Robinson's response. "And thank God, these bloodthirsty wretches' warnings are hushed!"

Without speaking further they threw the second body where they had thrown the first, and having secured the red men's rifles and ammunition, they were upon the point of moving on, when Robinson's hand touched some hair that hung from one of the fallen men's girdle. He pulled it away, and found it to be a human scalp! The hair was long and curly, and had come from the head of a female! He placed it within the bosom of his frock, and then bade Philip lead the way.

It was easy for the forest-reared youth to follow a trail over which so many had so recently passed, and ere many minutes he came upon his friends, all together, and engaged in earnest conversation. They had just discovered that their rear guard was missing, and were upon the point of sending Jocko back. Philip thought it best not to tell the women and children what had happened, for fear they might be paralyzed by terror; so he simply informed them that they had been pursued a short distance beyond the rock, and that the pursuers had then turned off; but still there were plenty ready, and likely, to fall upon the trail at any moment.

Jocko once more plunged on upon his trackless way, bending over the branches, and turning to inform his immediate followers of any peculiar impediment before them.

Not a murmur escaped from even the children. The little ones realized the terrible danger that encompassed them; and they realized, too, how much was being done for them; and the occasional answer of little Carrie, only nine years old, spoke volumes of childish fortitude: "O, no, mamma,—I'm not tired. Don't be afraid of me."

By and by came the oft-repeated "Hi-yak-yak!" but this time hopeful and buoyant; and in a few moments more the whole party emerged from the dense wood, and stood upon the cultivated meadow that lay upon the Mohawk, while only at a short distance gleamed the watch-fires of Fort Schuyler!

With a joyful bound the party dashed forward. Indians were still all about them, and the danger was not yet passed. They soon came to the little creek that flowed from the eastward, and having followed this a few rods they passed the spring and ascended the gentle eminence beyond. They had gained the top of this when, upon looking off to the north-west, they saw a large number of dusky forms moving towards them. But they were safe now. A few rods brought them to the northern bastion of the fort, and directly beyond this was a covered way, where they found a soldier on duty. He hailed them as they approached, and Philip went forward and explained matters. After this the party were admitted, and the women and children at once conducted to the officers' quarters. Colonel Gansevoort, who commanded the fort, sent for Robinson and Philip Lancey to come and see him.

Colonel Peter Gansevoort was a mild, but firm-looking man, of good size, and twenty-eight years of age. He was young for such a post, but while serving under Montgomery in Canada he had displayed those qualities which recommended him to the favorable notice of his countrymen.

"How, sir!" exclaimed the colonel, as Robinson approached him, speaking in a tone of mingled disgust and amazement, "are you a savage?"

Poor Robinson was utterly dumbfounded. He knew not what to do or to say. But his wife who had heard the commandant's exclamation, hurried forward and asked what was meant.

"Why—see!" pursued the colonel, while a shudder ran through his comely frame. "Look there!"

And as he spoke he pointed to a bloody scalp which hung half way from the bosom of the man's frock.

"Oho—ah—I must explain that," interposed Philip, unable to suppress the smile that arose to his countenance.

And thereupon the youth related the story of his meeting with the two Indians in the forest. Mrs. Robinson could at first hardly believe the account she heard, but when her husband assured her 'twas so, she yielded. The colonel very humbly asked the stout settler's pardon, and then complimented them both upon their coolness and bravery. After this he gained from them an account of all they had seen and heard, most of which was valuable to him. And when they came to tell of the many dusky forms they had seen gliding up from the direction of old Fort Newport, he sent at once for the officers of the guard, and gave directions that scouts should be sent out.

This, however, was not necessary; for hardly had the order been given, when the two scouts came in with the intelligence that a large body of Tories and Indians were approaching the fort from the west.

During the night the howl of the savages could be plainly heard in the adjacent woods, and all was life and activity within the fort. Col. Gansevoort imparted a measure of his own fearless patriotism to those under his control, and he had brave officers to assist him in the work.

When the light of the next day dawned upon the ramparts, the dip of oars was heard in the river, and ere long afterwards two bateaux, laden with military stores and provisions, made their appearance, and with them came Lieutenant Colonel Mellen, accompanied by two hundred men. This was a fortunate and most timely accession to the forces and stores of the garrison, for hardly had all been safely gathered within the fort, when the bloodthirsty Mohawk chieftain, Brant, with a large party of his Indian warriors, and Lieutenant Bird, with a party of Canadians and Tories, made their appearance, and commenced to invest the fort.

Little was done, however, during the day (the second of August), save to drill some of the raw troops. On the next day, however, St. Ledger himself appeared, and with him came those two notorious Tories, Johnson and Butler, with their hordes of renegade scamps. There was now a force of near eighteen hundred men set to besiege the fort, while the force within amounted to little over seven hundred and fifty. But there were provisions enough for six weeks, and the brave patriots determined to hold out.

The English commander sent in a bombastic order for an immediate and unconditional surrender of the fortress and all it contained, and if this order was not complied with, he threatened all sorts of terrible things. To all such as would renounce their awful wickedness, and join the forces of His Majesty, full pardon was offered. The order, with its threats and bribes, was laughed at in scorn, and word was sent to the inflated Englishman that the Patriots had counted the cost of a siege, and should defend the fortress to the last.

On the following day—the 4th—the siege commenced in earnest. Bombs were thrown into the fort, and the Indians hid themselves behind the surrounding trees, and fired upon the Americans who were at work upon the parapets. Yet little damage was done.

On the night of the 5th the garrison, and especially the women and children, were startled by the most unearthly and savage din they had ever heard. The Indians had spread themselves upon all hands within the woods, and hoped, by their horrible yells, to intimidate the Patriots; but their work amounted to nothing save the noise they made.

On the 6th took place one of the most fatal struggles that occurred during the war. When General Herkimer learned that St. Ledger had ascended the lake, and was aiming to besiege Fort Schuyler, he called upon the militia of Tryon County to follow him to the relief of the brave men at the garrison. Eight hundred men responded to his call, and with this force he set forward. On the fifth he drew up near Oriskany, and sent a messenger forward to inform Gansevoort of his coming, and also to request the colonel to discharge three guns in rapid succession as soon as his courier should arrive. Upon hearing this signal, Herkimer would know that his messenger had arrived, and would be prepared to act accordingly. Gansevoort was further requested, as soon as he had fired the guns, to make some kind of a sortie upon the enemy, and at the same time Herkimer would push on and cut his way through to the fort.

But a sad failure was at hand. Herkimer's messenger, from some cause, did not arrive until the following day at noon.

In the meantime St. Ledger had received intelligence of Herkimer's coming, and at once prepared to cut him off. He learned the exact route the Patriots were to take, and sent Brant with a large party of his Indians, and also a detachment of Johnson's Greens, under Col. John Butler, to form an ambuscade at the most favorable spot they could find. Gansevoort saw the bustle in the enemy's camp, and noticed the moving of some of the troops along the edge of the wood down the river. It was shortly after this that Herkimer's messenger arrived, and then the colonel at once suspected the meaning of the movement he had noticed among the besiegers. However, he fired the guns at once, and made preparations for the sortie.

Among the officers of the fort was a brave, gallant man, named Marinus Willett, enjoying the rank of lieutenant colonel, and to him Gansevoort gave command of the expedition he had to send into the enemy's camp. Two hundred and fifty men were detailed for the work, and they were to take with them a small field-piece.

Just as the party were ready to set out, the heavy clouds, which had been rolling up dark and lowering all the morning, burst their bounds, and a deluge of rain, accompanied by terrific lightning and thunder, came pouring down. At the end of an hour the rain ceased falling, and the brave party sallied forth.

By a rapid succession of daring and ingenious movements, Willett succeeded in falling upon Johnson's camp. So impetuous was the charge, and so fearless in their onset were the Patriots, that the advanced guard were driven in, and the camp assailed so unexpectedly that Sir John had not even time to put on his coat;[*] but flying forth in his shirt sleeves, he vainly endeavored to rally his frightened men. They fled in dismay, and Willett then wheeled and fell upon the Indian encampment. The savages ran away like so many frightened sheep, and buried themselves in the forest, while Johnson and his men hurried across the river, and found shelter in St. Ledger's camp. It will be remembered that a portion of both Johnson's men and the Indians had been sent off down the river.

By this brave and chivalrous movement, no less than twenty-one wagon-loads of spoil were secured and carried in safety to the fort, the party returning without the loss of a man.

The spoil consisted of excellent bedding, clothing, stores, camp equipments of all kinds, five British standards, together with the whole private establishment of Sir John Johnson, among which were all his papers, as well as the papers of other officers. These latter were of vast importance, as they revealed to Gansevoort a great deal of information concerning the situation and aims of the enemy.

The five British flags were raised upon the flag-staff of the fort, beneath the ensign of the Patriots, and then the whole garrison mounted the parapets, and cheer upon cheer broke from their lips.

But, alas! while such joy pervaded the bosoms of all within the fort, a noble band of their brethren, only a few miles distant, were being swept away like chaff before the wind!

CHAPTER V.

ORISKANY.

As we remarked before, when General Herkimer sent forward his messenger to Gansevoort, he halted near Oriskany, intending to remain there until he heard from the fort. He was a noble, brave, and generous man, and one of his chief concerns was the good of the men under his charge. After waiting awhile, some of his officers became impatient. They were in a hurry to reach the fort. But Herkimer preferred to trust to his own cool judgment, and he refused to move until he either had reinforcements, or should hear the signal from Fort Schuyler.

Awhile longer, and the uneasy officers became clamorous in their demands for an immediate movement; and finally, when they found that their peristent efforts did not move him, some of them—two, at least—taunted him with being a Tory and a coward! The bitter words sank deeply into the old general's heart, but still he told them that he had been placed over them as a father, and that he would not lead them into difficulties from which he might not be able to extricate them.

But even the noble Herkimer was not proof against everything that bitter, envenomed tongues could spit forth. By-and-by the demands of the disaffected ones became so loud and continuous, and the imputations of cowardice against him came so rank and frequent, that he yielded. With a quivering lip, and aching heart, he cried:

"March on! And you, who boast so loudly, and speak the word *coward* so freely, shall be the first to run when you see the enemy!"

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the troops started upon their march. They were mostly undisciplined, and as the bitterness of some of their officers against the commander ranked on insubordination, there could be no thorough system or regularity in their movements.

Meanwhile, Brant and Butler, with their Indians and Tories, had been on the alert. Scouts had brought them intelligence of Herkimer's movements, and they knew the exact route the Patriots would take. This path ran in an east and west direction, and was much of it through deep woods. At a point where a deep ravine crossed the road the enemy laid their ambuscade. The bottom of this ravine was of a boggy character, and the road across it was built on a foundation of logs. Its bottom was quite wide, and heavily timbered, while the high land upon either side was not only timbered, but covered with a thick underbrush, amongst which an enemy could readily be concealed.

And about this deep, semi-circular valley the Tories and Indians gathered. All along among the underbrush and behind the trees did they conceal themselves, until the place was entirely surrounded by an invisible foe save the narrow way where the road ran.

Herkimer and his men, all unconscious of the danger which hovered so near them, marched on—down the road into the ravine. The general and his immediate troops were followed by the baggage-wagons, while those officers who had been so bitter and clamorous for moving on, with their men, formed the rear guard. The heavy wagons had lumbered down to the causeway of logs, when Brant gave the signal which had been agreed upon, and in a moment more the air was filled with the terrific yells of the Indians as they closed about the entrapped Patriots. The tomahawks were swung aloft, and the deadly rifle balls flew upon their messages like hail. Upon the first alarm, the rear guard—those men who, but a short time before, had dared to taunt their brave general with the word *coward*—fled like cowardly cravens as they were, leaving their companions in the ravine to shift for themselves! But they had better remained and faced the enemy like men, for the Indians, when they saw them turn, gave chase, and shot and cut them down like grass!

For a few moments the little band in the valley was thrown into wild disorder by this sudden attack; but Herkimer soon succeeded in calling the astounded troops into some sort of shape, and they then fought with a will. No veteran troops of any campaign could have faced the enemy more bravely. At the first fire several of the Patriot officers had been killed, and General Herkimer was wounded. Soon the old general's horse was slain under him, and the same ball shattered his own leg, just below the knee. But he spoke not a word of the hurt he had received. He ordered some of his attendants to remove the saddle and place it against a large tree which stood close at hand, and seating himself there, he resumed his command. His men fell about him as though an autumnal wind were shaking human leaves from the trees, and the bullets whistled about his ears like flies, many of them striking the tree against which he sat.

---

[*] Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book, Vol. 1., p. 245.

For an hour the conflict had raged, and at one time the Patriots would have been entirely swept away, but for a brilliant movement of the general. He saw that the enemy were closing in by sure degrees, and that very soon they must entirely wrap them round about and cut them down at will. But at this moment the Patriots formed themselves into several hollow squares, thus meeting the Indians and Tories at all points; and so galling and destructive did their fire become, especially upon Johnson's men, that the latter resolved upon a bayonet charge as their only hope. But they were met even at this by men who would not yield, and the battle had assumed the character of a close, hand-to-hand death-struggle, when the heavens suddenly opened their artillery, and the vivid lightning, the quaking crash, and the torrent of rain caused the combatants to draw back from the conflict, and seek shelter beneath the trees from the pouring torrents.

This was the storm which had delayed Willett and his party in their sortie upon Johnson's camp; and of course Herkimer had not heard Gansevoort's signal guns amid the roar of the conflict that raged about him.

During the cessation of hostilities which occurred in consequence of the storm, both parties spent the time in laying new plans for action. The Patriots saw one thing which they speedily determined to remedy. They had noticed that the Indians were lurking about the woods, and when they saw the flash of a Patriot's gun from behind a tree, one of them would rush forward and tomahawk him. They therefore planned that they would go in couples—one should fire, and then, if an Indian came up, the other would be ready to shoot him.

As soon as the rain ceased the battle was renewed. The ruse adopted by the Patriots worked well, for, as before, as soon as one of them fired from behind a tree, an Indian was very sure to be in readiness to spring forward; but he only came to his death, for the reserve quickly laid him low. The Patriots had gained a better ground, and the Indians soon began to give way before them. Major Watts, of the British forces, saw this, and came up with a body of Johnson's Greens. The Patriots saw in these latter men the miserable, renegade Tories of their own Mohawk Valley, and so fired were they with wrath and indignation, that the strength of a dozen men seemed to rest in each American arm. The brave fellows fought with a reckless, determined daring, which was wholly irresistible, and ere long the enemy began to give way.

The firing was now heard in the direction of the fort. It was the sortie of Willett. As Butler caught the sound, he conceived a stratagem which might have proved fatal to the Patriots had it succeeded. He had a large body of his men so change their garments as to look very much like provincial troops, and these he hoped to march up, making the Patriots believe them to be a reinforcement from the fort to their ranks. But the quick eye of an officer detected the cheat, and the whole party was routed in a few moments. The Indians found themselves growing less and less in number, and the ardor of the Patriots unabated; and the loud, retreating cry of "*Oonah! Oonah!*" arose upon every hand, and they fled in wild dismay. The Tories and British quickly caught the alarm, and away they went, pursued by the Patriots, whose shouts of victory were loud and long.

And thus ended the battle of Oriskany.[*] The conflict had raged six hours, and the loss of life, compared with the numbers engaged, was greater than in any other battle during the war. And though the Patriots were conquerers upon the field, yet their victory amounted to nothing. The purpose for which they came—the relief of Fort Schuyler—was not carried out, and their loss was fearful. The noble Herkimer was borne from the field to die of his wounds, and many other brave officers and patriotic men met the same fate.

There were deeds of personal bravery done on that day which have not been exceeded in any time. Men had seen their houses invaded, their flocks and herds scattered, their harvests destroyed, and their dearest rights trampled under foot, and when they met the dastard foe who had done all this, they were fired with a zeal and ardor which knew no bounds.

Johnson's remaining men were led back by Col. Butler, and when he arrived at St. Ledger's camp he found Brant and his Indians already there, the stout chieftain being engaged in berating St. Ledger most soundly, for having assured him that the Rebels would not stand fire.

"You say the white enemies of your king no stand before Indian rifle and tomohawk," cried Brant; "but I tell you," he resumed, raising his dark figure slowly towards the fort, "if those men be like the men we met this day, that flag shall never come down by your hands!"

St. Ledger did all he could to pacify the redoubtable chieftain, and among other things, he gave him and his dusky followers full permission to rob, murder and scalp whenever they had opportunity. This has been denied by the British; but it is nevertheless a fact, and is substantiated by documentary evidence which was found among St. Ledger's papers. It was, perhaps, well for the unprotected settlers that Joseph Brant was a more humane man—or, I should say, less a savage brute—than the Tory leaders who mostly employed him.[†]

All was anxiety within the fort. They knew that a severe battle had been fought, for the long-continued din and roar of musketry and cannon had been booming upon the sultry air about them. But they could gain no intelligence of the result. Only of one thing they felt sure: when St. Ledger sent another messenger with a demand for surrender, and accompanied the demand with the assurance that Herkimer and his men had all been either killed or made prisoners, Gansevoort knew that he lied, for he had seen the Indians and Tories return, and he knew that they came in wild disorder, which victorious men would never have done. So he sent the messenger back as he had come. The fort should not be surrendered.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT A DESERTER DID.

Philip Lancey was with Col. Gansevoort in the private apartment of the latter. The commandant had found a keen, deep understanding in the youthful pioneer, and they were conversing upon the subject of the present difficulties. Philip was explaining to his companion the location of the most important farms, and estimating the probable value of the estates which had already been laid waste, and which lay exposed to the enemy as matters now stood. Thus were they engaged when an orderly entered, and informed the colonel that a deserter from the enemy was without the fort, near the sally-port.

"Blindfold him, and bring him here," said Gansevoort.

The orderly withdrew, and in the course of some ten minutes he returned, leading by the hand a ragged, dirty, wo-begone looking fellow, who seemed to have lost his last friend, and just missed a part of himself. He was a short, stout man, apparently thirty-five years of age, with coarse, but cunning-looking features, and bearing himself with considerable freedom.

"What is your name?" asked the colonel.

"Moses Van Swart, sir," returned the man.

"Where are you from?"

"From the camp of Colonel St. Ledger, sir."

"And why have you come here?"

"Because my tastes lie here. Look at that, sir." And as he spoke he tore off his shirt, and revealed a broad, muscular back, covered with stripes and blood.

"Why was that done?" the colonel asked.

"I was suspected of attempting to desert, sir. And I did desert. John Johnson told me the Rebels would cut all our throats if they caught us—that they had sworn to butcher every man who did not own a farm, and the descendants of Dutchmen as soon as they could gain the power. But he lied to me, sir, and I knew he did at the time, only I was forced to join him for fear of my life."

"Put on your shirt," said Gansevoort.

The fellow obeyed, and the colonel then questioned him concerning the affairs of the besiegers. He answered promptly enough, but not satisfactorily. Yet Gansevoort let not even a look of suspicion escape him. He questioned Van Swart concerning the result of the battle at Oriskany, and concerning the plans of St. Ledger with regard to the prisoners of war he might take. The deserter said that he could not say certainly anything about the battle referred to. Johnson had told him that the Rebels were all either killed or captured, and he said he believed St. Ledger meant to treat all prisoners of war kindly.

The commander asked a few more questions, and then he said—

"Very well. We are glad of accessions to our ranks. What pay do you want?"

"O, I'm not particular about that, sir. Let it go."

"Never mind, you shall be satisfied. You may go, now, and to-morrow I'll see about putting you on duty."

As soon as the fellow was gone, Gansevoort sent for Willett, and bade him select two or three faithful men to watch Master Moses Van Swart.

"I don't like the looks of the fellow," said the colonel, after Willett had gone.

"Nor do I, sir," returned Philip. "He is evidently up to mischief."

"Aye—that he is. In the first place, a man with that face would never treat the subject of his pay lightly, if he meant to work any. And in the next place we happen to have had two honest deserters last night, whose accounts I know to be true. But they vary wonderfully from this fellow's. However, we'll have him looked to. And now, my dear sir, I have three letters here which may be of interest to you. Willett brought them in from Sir John's camp yesterday."

As he spoke he handed the missives to Philip, who opened and read them. The first was from Nathan Bradbrook, and read as follows:—

> "*Johnstown, July 12th*, 1777.
>
> "SIR JOHN:—If your men make any excursions before you reach the fort, please do not let them trouble old Walter Lancey, or any of his family. I have pickings there of my own. Be good enough to see that others of your friends are enjoined to the same. Guy and myself will be at Oswego when you land. Yours, truly, &c.,
>
> "*To Sir John Johnson.* N. BRADBROOK."

The second was from Guy Bradbrook, and was as follows:—

> "*Johnstown, July 16th*, 1777.
>
> "SIR JOHN:—My father sent a note by a messenger who left three days ago. You need be at no trouble touching the matter whereof he wrote, as we shall both join you at Oswego. If you would grant me a favor, please make arrangements to place a party—say twenty—of Indians under my command. We shall bring forty men at least.
>
> "Yours, GUY BRADBROOK."

The third, and by far the most important, read thus:—

> "*In Camp, August 3d*, 1777.
>
> "DEAR SIR JOHN:—Will you see Brant and Butler, and others who may command detachments of your men, and request them to put to instant death Walter Lancey and his son Philip, if they are taken. They are dangerous men. Also have the order generally promulgated for the safe keeping of the maiden, Isabel Carlton, who is now with said Walter Lancey. He holds the girl against her will. I fear they have gained the fort, but am not sure, as their retreat in that direction, on the night of the first instant, was pretty effectually cut off. Yours, GUY BRADBROOK."

Philip refolded the letters, and as he did so, he said—

"I am glad I know this, though I have long believed that such were Bradbrook's feelings."

"But what is the cause of this peculiar animosity against you and your father?" the colonel asked.

"I will tell you," answered the youth; and thereupon he related the whole story of Isabel's relations with Guy Bradbrook, and the circumstances that led to them.

Gansevoort was much interested in the recital, and when the youth had concluded, he expressed his sympathy for both him and the maiden, and also promised him that at any time, when necessary, and circumstances favored it, he might command his assistance. Philip was deeply grateful for this kindness, and hoped he might always merit it.

The day passed away with the usual amount of firing and manœuvering, and the enemy had commenced a new advance upon the fort, having thrown up a short line of defense to cover their battery. The night set in with the howling of Indians, and the drunken song of a party of Tories, who were upon the bank of the river; but the women and children had become so used to all this, that they slept well in spite of it.

It was near nine o'clock when the two men who had been set to keep a watch upon the movements of Master Moses Van Swart concluded to give up their task and seek their bunks. Ever since morning they had kept their eyes fixed upon him, so that not even a movement had escaped their notice, but they had detected nothing out of the way. On the contrary, he had been quiet and modest, and conversed very sensibly upon the subject of the war. He said that he knew there were many men with the Tory leaders who had taken up arms for the king under the firm belief that the Rebels meant to institute a species of absolute monarchy more tyrannical and bloody than the earth ever saw. He said they were simple, well-meaning men who had been thus ridiculously deceived by Johnson and Butler. In short, he so completely won upon those who spent any time with him that they would have even trusted him upon post that very night.

The two men, before spoken of, reported themselves to Willett; and he, in turn, conferred with Gansevoort, since he had received the order from headquarters. The commandant heard the report, and finally said that the fellow might be shown to his sleeping-place, and there left.

Van Swart was allowed to spread his blanket upon the platform in the barracks where the sappers, or laborers upon the fortifications, slept. He curled himself up in the centre of the platform, with men all around him, and said he hoped he'd have a good night's rest.

"For," he added, "I haint shut my eyes but once for three nights, and that was only while they were floggin' me; and ye may guess right handy that I didn't sleep any on that occasion."

While he spoke he had been gathering his blanket for a pillow, the bare boards being soft enough for his bed, and when he ceased he lay his head down, and ere long his low, heavy breathing indicated that sleep had come to put a stop to his memories for a while.

At ten o'clock the moon was obscured, the wind freshened from the north-west, and the heavens grew black with deepening clouds. The Indians ceased their howlings and sought their tents; and as the rain began to fall the Tories upon the opposite bank of the river hushed their obscene songs and staggered away out of the reach of the heavy wet from the heavens.

When midnight came the rain fell in torrents, and all was dark as Erebus without. Here and there a struggling light could be seen in the camp of the besiegers by the Patriot sentinels, but they looked like ghostly eyes peering out from the darkness. The startling "*All's well!*" had passed from post to post, and the relief guard wrapped themselves in their coats and went forth to duty. The relieved sentinels came in and shook the dripping wet from their saturated garments, and then sought their respective places of rest upon the slightly inclined form that ran around the room.

In half an hour the sentries passed their call again, and then all was still in and about the fort, save the pattering of the rain and the fall of the pacing feet upon the different posts.

Moses Van Swart slowly raised himself upon his elbow and gazed around. Not a movement betrayed that he was noticed, and he sat upright. A moment more he gazed eagerly around upon the sleeping men, and then he slid down upon the floor and crept under the form upon which the blankets were spread. Here he removed the large, heavy breeches he had worn, and from beneath them he took a cotton garment which had been neatly wound about his hips and loins. It was a woman's gown. He found considerable difficulty in getting into it while in such close quarters, for the form was not over three feet from the floor in the highest part. Yet he managed to get the garment on, and also to secure it so that it could not slip down. After this he listened a spell, and then crawled out into the open space, where the light from the single oil lamp revealed him in the guise of a female. The gown, now that he could pull it down, and arrange the hooks, fitted him exactly, and with his handkerchief about his head in a sort of turban fashion, he looked very nearly like what he proposed to represent.

In the meantime Isabel Carlton slept on without dreaming of danger. The apartment, which she occupied with some twenty others, was in the south-west corner of the officers' quarters, and had a single window opening towards the covered way. Old Phillis was close by her and sound asleep. Mrs. Robinson, with her children, slept next to her, while beyond, upon either hand, the women and children of the now homeless settlers, were arranged full as closely as comfort would permit.

It must have been near half an hour after midnight, when Isabel was awakened by feeling a gentle touch upon her shoulder, and hearing her name pronounced. She started up to her elbow and gazed about her till her eye rested upon a female form near the head of her bed. She could not see the face, as a high-frilled cap completely shaded the features from the dim light of a single lamp.

"This is Isabel Carlton?" said the female, in a low whisper.

"That is my name," replied the maiden. "But who are you?"

"Haven't you found out who the matron of the place is yet? But never mind. Philip Lancey is with Colonel Gansevoort, and Walter Lancey has just been called. The colonel wants you to come into his office as soon as ye can. There's something very important."

This was spoken in a low, careful whisper, and Isabel was so intent upon the subject-matter of the speech that she took little notice of the speaker's tone.

"Where is the colonel?"

"Only right around to the next door."

Isabel pondered a few moments, and finally concluded to go. Of danger from an enemy she had not a thought. She only thought of the propriety of arising and meeting the men at such an hour.

"Do you know what the business is?" she asked.

"No, Miss Carlton. Only I know it must be important, or Colonel Gansevoort wouldn't send for ye at this time. I think they've heard something from the enemy's camp. But I don't know."

The maiden arose, and slipped on her gown and shoes, and then pinned her shawl about her. Mrs. Robinson awoke, and raised herself upon her elbow, and when she saw Isabel prepared to go out, she asked her where she was going.

"Only to see Colonel Gansevoort a few moments," our heroine replied, as she stepped out from between the cots. The mother merely cast her eyes upon the messenger, and seeing a female, who seemed to be waiting for the maiden, she lay down again, and was soon asleep. Old Phillis did not wake up. She was creeping along in years, with a gradually increasing mass of fat upon her limbs, and she slept soundly, especially when the air was cool.

The messenger led the way to the door, and as they reached the stoop, the rain came driving in upon them.

"Here," spoke the guide, turning to Isabel, who had drawn her shawl more closely about her: "It is only to the next door; but I am already wet and don't mind it. Let me place you under cover. Here—there.—So!—Now you'll go safe enough."

As these words fell upon the maiden's ears, she felt her shawl drawn suddenly over her mouth, her head thrown back with a painful jerk, and herself lifted from the stoop by stout arms. In a moment more her captor had bounded away into the gloom, and the rain poured down upon her, wetting her to the skin.

"Mercy! Help! Help!" shrieked the terrified girl, struggling with all her might, and succeeding in removing the shawl from her mouth.

"*Who goes there?*"

"*Who goes there?*"

"*Stand! Hold! Stop, or I'll shoot you down!*"

So cried three sentinels in quick succession. But the object of their sudden alarm stopped not to offer any reply. The sharp snap of a musket-lock, followed by a few dull sparks, broke upon the air, but no report followed.

On, on, was Isabel borne. Over the parade ground—high up on the parapet—a moment there—and then away into space—down—down, with a giddy leap—a shock as they met the soft earth where the diggers had been at work—but no harm to the ruffian, for, in another moment, she was lifted more firmly up, and on again. She heard a loud din behind her, and soon the report of a musket startled the night air. Another, and another followed, and once, as Isabel's eyes were turned towards the fort, she saw many lights flashing about. But she soon lost all sight amid the gloom, and the sounds from the fort became low and indistinct.

"Mercy! Mercy!" she shrieked, in wild, thrilling tones. "Let me go! Who are you? Oh—why is this?—Mercy! Mercy!"

But her captor answered not a word. That it was a man that bore her she knew as well as she knew anything. His strength was proof enough, but his movements were proof positive.

Away, and still away—until another cry arose:

"Who comes there?" shouted a voice, in a half-frightened, startled tone.

"*Isabel Carlton!*" answered the ruffian.

"Is't Moses?" pursued the sentinel.

"Yes—it's Moses and his prize."

"You may pass—'*Moses and his prize*,'" said the guard, laughing in the belief that he had perpetrated a huge joke.

A glimmering of light broke upon the maiden's eyes—more sentries were passed—then came a stop—a few quickly spoken words, and immediately afterwards she was beneath something that protected her from the rain. There was a blaze of light, and she closed her eyes. She felt herself lowered down—down—not upon the ground—not upon a chair, but upon a pliable seat—a man's knee, and a man's arm gliding about her waist. She opened her eyes, and with one quick, wild cry she leaped far away from the man who had thus received her. She had recognized Guy Bradbrook!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

---

[*] For the account of this battle we are mostly indebted to "*Lossing's Field-Book*."

[†] JOSEPH BRANT was a Mohawk of pure blood, his Indian name being THAYENDANEGA, which means *a bundle of sticks*, and signifies *strength*. His father was a celebrated chief of the Onondaga nation, and when his father died, his mother married an Indian runner, who had been named by the whites, Brant. Hence her youngest son, whom she called Joseph, received the name of Joseph Brant. He was well educated by Sir William Johnson, and visited England, where he received much attention from the nobility.

LINES.

Written while on a Visit to my Mother's Birth-Place.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I'm sitting 'neath the self-same roof
  That sheltered thee for many a year;
Within thy childhood's happy home—
  But where art *thou*, oh! mother dear?

How many times thy step hath passed
  Along through each familiar room—
In vain I listen for it now,
  For thou art sleeping in the tomb.

'Twas *here* thy happy voice was heard,
  In laugh and song in days of yore;
Its echo long hath passed away,
  And thou wilt never wake it more.

I almost feel that thou art near;
  That I shall see thee *soon* again,
So *like thee* doth the place appear—
  Alas! alas! 'tis all in vain!

I hear the sound of other feet,
  The voices of the glad and gay;
But, ah! the place seems desolate
  To *me*; for thou art far away.

THE ACADIANS.

There are many, doubtless, who have never read the cruel story of the banishment of the Acadians, and such will be glad to see it in a few words, condensed from the best authority on the subject. The fact, as given by Haliburton in his history of Nova Scotia, is, in brief, as follows:

Some dispute existing between the English and the French, respecting the territorial limits of both parties, the region about Hudson's Bay, and the province of Acadie, since called Nova Scotia, to settle the matter, were ceded to Great Britain, in 1713.

Acadie was inhabited by an excellent French population. When these good people found their country yielded to England, and themselves no longer subjects of the French king, they were grieved to be forced to acknowledge another master. They knew that the French and English were hostile to each other, and they dreaded to be compelled, some time or other, to take up arms against Frenchmen; they, therefore, entreated the English that they might never be forced to so painful a service, and might be excused from taking the oath of allegiance.

This request received no special attention, but, for a time, a kind forbearance was exercised towards them. After a period of forty years, the English government came to the conclusion that these neutral French, as they were called, might become dangerous to their interests by taking part with the Canadian French, their active enemies. On account of this presumed danger, without the least alleged provocation, or the least show of justice, they took upon themselves to drive out of their possessions this peaceable, prosperous, and unoffending people.

The Acadians had no warning of their fate. At harvest time they were ordered to assemble in a certain district, and being collected, were informed they were prisoners,—that their lands, cattle, and moveables were no longer their own, but were confiscated by government,—that they might take what they could convey away, but must immediately quit the province.

In one single district, two hundred and fifty-five houses, as many barns, eleven mills, and one church were destroyed. Ships were in readiness to convey the persecuted Acadians to different parts of the Continent,—to Louisiana, to French Guiana in South America, and to distant places in the then British Provinces on the Atlantic.

These people had been remarkable for their industry, their skillful husbandry, their pure morals, and their exemplary piety. Their lands produced wheat and corn, potatoes and flax, abundantly. Their houses were convenient, and furnished with all things necessary to comfort. Their numerous flocks afforded the wool which was manufactured in the family for their clothing. They had no paper money, and little silver or gold; and lived by simple exchange of commodities. So little contention arose among them, that courts and lawyers were needless; the wise and experienced decided their small differences. They were Catholics; the priests drew up their public acts, wrote their wills, and kept possession of the documents, until death called for the execution of them. To requite these services, the inhabitants allowed them one twenty-seventh of the harvest for their subsistence.

At the time of the dispersion, the Acadians were 18,000 in number. No want existed among them; the poor were few, and the prosperous cheerfully supported those. These unfortunate people were the victims of their own integrity. Had they taken the oath which demanded of them to violate the best affections, they might have retained their houses, their fields, and their flocks. Their good feelings demanded only the innocent liberty of neutrality.

In September, 1755, Colonel Winslow, an officer, usually resident at Marshfield, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, was sent with the King's Commission, to demolish the property of the neutrals, and to expel them, without exception, from the province. Colonel Winslow deeply regretted that he should be employed in this cruel service. He knew, so he said, that they were of "the same species" with himself, and "it was disagreeable to his make and temper" to inflict pain. His first measure, on landing at St. Pre, was to make prisoners of several hundreds of the most considerable of the men of the settlement. "In consequence of their earnest entreaties, the prisoners were permitted, ten at once, to return to visit their wretched families, and to look, for the last time, upon their beautiful fields, and their loved and lost homes."

These unhappy men bore their misfortune with firmness, until they were ordered on board the transport ship, to be dispersed among people whose customs, language, and religion, were opposed to all they held dear and sacred.

On the 16th of September, the prisoners were drawn up six deep; and the young men, one hundred and sixty in number, were ordered to go on board the vessels. They refused to do this, unless their families might be permitted to accompany them. This was denied, and the soldiers were ordered to do their duty. The wretched Acadians no longer resisted, but marched from the chapel of St. Pre to the ships.

The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who, on their knees, and with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, entreated blessings on their young friends, so unmercifully torn from them. Some of the latter broke out into bitter lamentations; others prayed aloud; and another portion sang mournful hymns, as they took their way to the ships. The seniors formed another detachment, and their departure occasioned a similar scene of distress. Other vessels arrived, and their wives and children followed. Their dwellings were burnt before their eyes, and the work of destruction was complete. Eighteen thousand souls were cast forth upon the pitiless world. Desolate and depopulated was the beautiful tract they had occupied; their homes lay smoking in ruins; the cattle, abandoned by their protectors, assembled about the forsaken dwelling-places, anxiously seeking their wonted masters; and all night long, the faithful watch-dogs howled for the hands that had fed, and the roof that had sheltered them.

The distress of one family will serve to exhibit the sufferings of these refugees. There was among them a notary-public, named Rene Le Blanc. He loved the English. On one occasion, the Indians would have persuaded him to assist them, in an attempt upon the English. He refused, and the Indians, in resentment, made him prisoner, and detained him four years.

At the time of the expulsion, Le Blanc was living at an advanced age. His fidelity to the English, and his sufferings on that account, deserved favor, but he found none. Le Blanc had twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren. These were embarked in different vessels, and scattered in different provinces. The unfortunate old man was set ashore in New York, with his wife, and the two youngest of their children. Love for those that were scattered, led him from one strange city to another. He reached Philadelphia. There he found three of his children, and there, despairing to recover the rest, in penury and sorrow, he sank into his grave.

ABOUT CHILDREN'S TEMPER.

Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heartblood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper."

A HOME OF TASTE.

Engravings, said Sydney Smith, shed their spirit over a household; the calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fireplace until they seem neither absent nor departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. We imbibe the soul of the picture; our heart is a stream where the portrait is imaged. If we would truly school minds, we should exercise faith in good pictures. The humor and the cheerfulness of one, the serenity and contemplative quiet of another, the historical deportment of another; thus we may make our parlor an Art Union—a Vernon Gallery; and when pictures are to be obtained so readily, it is scarcely pardonable if we do not. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in color and form, as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the home of the poor man, artizan, or mechanic, I would have them all worthy of a home of taste.

IN borrowing money be precious of your word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

AN INVOCATION.

BY W. E. PABOR.

If 'tis given those
Who have lain off the stained and sullied folds
Of earth's mortality, to think upon
The loved ones whose sad hearts and weary feet
Still press the sod,—oh, angel mother! well
We know your thoughts will for a moment rest
Upon the ones that mourn. We, who have wrapt
About our hearts the dark and solemn robes
Of sorrow, trailing over every hope
We ever cherished. We, who night and day
Listen for accents that we do not hear,
Except when memory, from her purpling grange
Reaches with her reluctant hand, and gives
Us broken clusters from the bending vine
Where the rich grapes of her affections hang.

Lean,
Oh, spirit glorified and washed from sin,
Yet still our mother, lean, at twilight's hour
Of reverie, across the starry bars,
And send a blessing down to those that wait
With aching hearts, to take it as it comes.
And as the dew on fading flowers; as light
To those that sit in darkness; or as hope
To those whose feet for years have trod the wilds
Of dark despair; or as sweet liberty
To inmates of a prison; or as life
To those whose lips were well nigh sealed
In death, it will revive our fainting hearts,
And quicken us to walk with holy awe
And humbleness beneath the chastening rod;
And through the fire of our affection, we
Shall come as did the Jewish three of old
Made better by the trial.

THE CAPTAIN'S WARD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Pish! pshaw! Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Captain James Harper, as he read a letter which he had just received, at his club-room in West street, in the quiet city of Boston.

"What is the matter, Harper? Has she jilted you at last?" said a cheery voice beside him, as its owner struck him a good-natured blow on the shoulder, that nearly knocked him down.

"Zounds, Peter, it is well I am a sailor, or I never could keep my footing with you at hand!" said the captain, hastily.

"Bah!—that's nothing—you should see me when I really undertake to upset a man. But, never mind that—only tell me what you were groaning over, at such a rate, when I came up."

"This letter," replied the captain, striking the sheet he held in his hand. "There's my old friend, Harry Reeves, whom you used to see so often with me in port, has died, and left his only daughter under my care, as a token of his respect and esteem for me. Poor Harry!—I am sorry he has gone, Peter,—but, what the—there, I won't swear! only what in the world am I to do with this girl? Can you tell me?"

Captain Peter Hammond looked profoundly puzzled.

"I'm sure I can't say If she was only a boy, now, you might put her right aboard your craft, and the thing would be settled. But, I suppose, that can't be done now."

"Why, not exactly, I should think."

"How old is she?"

"Not more than fourteen or fifteen—she can't be, for it's only sixteen years since poor Harry married."

"The mother dead, eh?"

"Yes, years ago."

"And she has property of her own?"

"Yes."

"And you are her only guardian?"

"Certainly."

"Then," said Captain Hammond, in a kind of Jack Bunsby fashion, "I should advise you to keep her at school for a year or two. By that time, you can give up cruising, take a wife and settle down, or watch your ward."

"Pshaw!"

"And go and see her before you sail this time!" continued the imperturbable P. "It's only fair, to-day, to give a kind word or two to the poor little thing, especially as you are the only friend she seems to have."

I think Julia Reeves would have laughed heartily if she had seen these two acquaintances so unceremoniously discussing and settling her destiny. For Captain Hammond, though one of the tenderest-hearted men, was a huge, overgrown specimen of a man, with a gait something like that of a Polar bear, and a grasp of the hand like a vice, and his friend, though a fine, frank-looking man, in the very prime of life, looked at that moment so thoroughly bewildered and astounded at the news he had received, that she could not but have been highly delighted with his perplexity—and, it may be, tempted to increase it.

Her guardian was by no means delighted with the task imposed upon him. But when, in accordance with the advice of his brother-in-law, he went to see her, and when, in place of the fashionable young lady he had expected to see, a pale, delicate child, with soft, brown eyes and hair, and a face which was the exact copy of his dead friend's, entered the room, his heart softened at once, and he drew her to his side, and kissed her fondly.

"You are poor Harry's daughter, sure enough," he said, as he gazed into the large eyes, raised so confidingly to his. "How old are you, my dear?"

"I am in my fourteenth year."

"And do you know who I am, my dear Julia?"

"Papa's friend," she answered, simply, as she nestled more closely to his side.

The warm heart of the sailor was won at once.

"God bless thee, child!" he murmured. "I was that indeed; and it shall go hard with me if I am not as true a friend to his child."

There was no need of many words between them. The guardian laid his plans before his ward, and saw that they met with her full approval. He saw her safely settled in her school himself, and bade her good-bye, not without a little heart-ache; for in the few days they had passed together, she had grown very dear to him. But as his foot was on the step of his carriage, she came running out to speak to him on a very important subject, as she called it.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"I want to know if I have your permission to correspond with Stuart, sir, while you are gone?"

"And who is Stuart?"

"Oh, he is my cousin," said the young lady, looking embarrassed, and playing with the tassels of her apron. "And he is a midshipman, and wears the nicest uniform you ever saw. And when he gets his commission, we are to be married—that is, of course, when you will permit it."

The captain looked astounded.

"Well, upon my word, Miss Julia, you have begun your work betimes. When does this precious young man expect to get his commission?"

"Next year, sir."

"Next year!" said the captain, with a long, loud whistle. "When you'll be in your fifteenth year, and he—how old?"

"Twenty-one, I believe. Don't be angry, dear guardian."

"Angry!" repeated the captain, recovering a little from his astonishment. "My dear, you may tell your cousin, from me, that if he ever utters any more such nonsense to you I'll court-martial him."

"My dear guardian!"

"I tell you I will. And as for you, if I hear of your writing to, or receiving letters from him, I shall be very angry. Play with your rag doll for a year or two, Julia, and leave marriage to your betters."

The girl pouted.

He laid his hand kindly on her head and changed his tone.

"Little one, I am the best friend you have, and I tell you it is for your good to break up this foolish affair. Remain a child as long as you can, my dear,—you will find all the trials of life, and love among them, will come fast enough upon you. Come—say you will obey me before I go, if you wish to make me happy."

"Yes, I will promise," she said, tearfully; "but, oh dear, what will poor Stuart do when he finds I do not write!"

"He will live through it," said her guardian, quietly. "And now to reward you for being so good a girl, I shall send you a present from Boston, before I sail, of the prettiest pony I can find."

She clapped her hands delightedly.

"With a long tail and mane, dear guardian?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thank you."

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him as she bade him good-bye once more.

"A specimen of the vexations in store for me, I suppose," he said to himself, as he leaned back in the carriage, and thought of the love which could be cured by the present of a pony. But though he laughed at first over the ridiculous aspect of the affair, he grew more serious as he looked into the future, and wondered what it was to bring, and alighted in his native city with a mien as grave as if he had been guardian four and twenty years to double that number of blooming damsels just entering their teens.

The poney came safely, and so also did a letter from the captain, so kind and gentle as to make his little ward shed a few quiet tears over it, and resolve earnestly to become all he would wish to have her. From that moment she had an object in view, and was untiring in her efforts to attain it. Her childish correspondence with her cousin was given up at once, because it was his request. French, German, Spanish, and Italian were included in her list of studies, because her guardian's ship visited all these countries, and she knew their languages were familiar to him. And music, which she loved for its own sake, now had a higher value in her eyes, because one day it might soothe and please him.

It is a strange affection that sometimes springs up between a guardian and a ward. To the child, her new friend was everything—father, brother, and master. She wrote to him constantly, detailing her progress, and asking his advice, till the good captain began to look upon her as a miracle of accomplishments. On his part, this new responsibility, which he had dreaded so much at first, became a delight, and a tie to bind him more closely to his fellow-men. He felt as if he had a daughter, he was no longer alone in the world. It was his dearest wish to see the child—but his voyages were long, and his leave of absence from his ship so very short, that he found it impossible to do so. It was nearly three years before they met.

During that time his ward had emerged from childhood into early womanhood. She had grown tall, and though still slight, her form was as delicately rounded as that of Hebe, and her face almost as full of light and bloom. The consciousness that one person cared for her had made the lonely and neglected child happy—and happiness always brings light hearts and pleasant looks in her train. Julia's cheeks were pale no longer, but flushed like roses; her eyes sparkled with light and animation; her voice was cheerful; her step quick and elastic, and her whole manner full of life and joy. It was a pleasure to look in her fair young face, or listen to her youthful voice, as she sang gay snatches of Provencal songs, while she flitted through the quiet rooms of the seminary like a bird.

One morning, in the third year of her stay at the seminary, she ran down stairs to enjoy an hour's quiet practice in the large saloon, before the doors were opened for visitors. For a time all went well; but at last the flying fingers grew weary, and sad thoughts began to steal into her mind. Nearly two months had passed since she had heard from her guardian—he who was always so punctual in writing to her by every ship they passed. Had some treacherous storm overtaken him, and sent the good ship "Julia" to the bottom? She would not think it—and, touching the keys, began to sing:

"My Willie's on the dark, blue sea,
He's gone far o'er the main,
And many a weary day must be
Ere he comes back again.
Yet blow, gentle winds, o'er the dark, blue sea,
Bid the storm-king stay his hand—
Oh, bring my Willie back to me,
To his own dear native land."

These words, at least, were ill chosen at such a time. Her fancy pictured each "weary day" as it passed, and seemed to show her a manly form lying cold and motionless at the bottom of the ocean.

"Oh, if he would only come back!" she sighed, and buried her face in her hands.

"Stuart Reeves or your guardian, Julia?" said a rich, deep voice beside her.

She started up—gave one wild look into the face of the gentleman who had entered so noiselessly, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, my dear guardian, I thought you were drowned! I thought I should never see you again! Why has it been so long since I heard from you?"

"Nonsense, Julia."

But the stout sailor trembled as those innocent lips met his, and that young face brightened so at his coming. Never before had he been greeted so on his return from sea since his mother died.

He looked at her wonderingly, when the first surprise of the meeting was over. Time had not stood still on shore, whatever he might have done upon the sea. He had left a shy and delicate child, but he found a graceful young girl, whose sweet face startled him, and whose caresses made him half happy and half sad. How long could he hope to keep so gay a creature by his side? He was now just forty-five, and she but seventeen. Before his dark locks had grown much grayer she would be gone, and he still more alone than ever. He sat, silent and sad, beside her, while she looked up at him from under her long eyelashes, and thought secretly how proud she should be to introduce him to her young friends, as her own dear guardian, and how much—how very much handsomer he was, with his stalwart figure, his frank, open face, and simple courtesy, than the be-whiskered and be-perfumed young men they had pointed out to her.

"Well, Julia, what have you done with your cousin Stuart, about whom you were so frantic three years ago?" said the captain, rousing himself from the painful reverie into which he had fallen.

The girl laughed, and blushed.

"I have done nothing, my dear guardian. I have seen him several times though; for," she added, with an arch glance, "he has his commission now, and is a gay young lieutenant."

"Hem—hum!" growled the captain, in an under tone. "And I suppose, Miss Julia, when I set you free from this school, you will be flitting off at once, to be a gay young lieutenant's wife."

"I think I shall wait till he asks me, sir, if you have no objection," she answered, very demurely.

"Aha—the wind blows from that quarter, does it? The young gentleman is in no hurry to fulfill the promise he made to the little girl. That being the case, I suppose you and your pony are left on my hands?"

He tried to speak gruffly, but his real delight at the state of things showed itself very plainly.

"What are you going to do with me, my dear guardian?" she asked eagerly. "I do wish you were married, and then I could go home with you. I'm tired of the seminary."

"Thank you for nothing, Miss Julia," he replied, biting his lips. "But if I am so unlucky as to have no wife, I have a very good housekeeper, and a pretty little cottage out of town. As I have given up the sea, and mean to make a home for myself, I would like my ward with me, and the pony can be accommodated with an excellent paddock. What do you say to the plan, Julia?"

"Oh! my dear guardian, are you really in earnest? May I go with you? And will you stay on shore? I shall go wild with delight!"

"You had much better go and put on your bonnet," said the captain, quietly; "and leave all your packing to the servant—I will send for your things. Just kiss the young ladies all round, (five minutes ought to do for that, as you are a young lady yourself,) shake hands with your teachers, and you shall ride home with me at once."

The five minutes had extended themselves to twenty before Julia made her appearance, and then she was followed by a dozen of her intimate friends, who came to exact a last promise of correspondence, and take a peep at the handsome guardian of whom they had heard so much. The girl's veil was down as they drove away from the school, and she shed a few tears at parting with those with whom she had lived for three happy years. Her guardian said nothing to her at first; but when she began to look around, he put the reins in her hands, and amused himself by giving her some lessons in driving on the quiet country road that led out to "Arcadia."

Before they turned into the little avenue that led to the cottage door, his efforts were rewarded. Every trouble was forgotten; and when she sprang gaily from the carriage into his arms, her face was as bright as it was fair. They entered their new home under a cloudless summer sky, and in their hearts it was also May.

CHAPTER II.

A new life now began for Julia. Relieved from all the tasks and duties of school, she was promoted to the dignity of mistress of one of the prettiest cottages near the city of Boston, while her only employment was to make its master happy. That she did so was evident, from the bright face he wore whenever he came towards the quiet place. To him it was "Arcadia" indeed—a little heaven upon earth, and she its best and fairest angel.

His only anxiety was, lest some one else should also see this, and wish to take her from him. He deserted his club-room, and grew suddenly shy of his bachelor friends, lest they should expect an invitation to his place, and so see Julia; he was jealous even of the baker and butcher, two good-looking young fellows, who would take their orders only from her, and if any gentleman looked after her, as she walked the streets of the city, leaning on his arm, or rode, on her spirited pony, over the roads around the cottage, he was miserable for days. Still he could not, to please himself, seclude her from every amusement of her age. She cared nothing far parties, and scarcely attended three during the course of the season, but she was passionately fond of music, and insisted upon a private box at the opera.

"Deuce take the privacy!" thought the worthy captain, as he found one after another of Julia's old school friends, accompanied by dangerously good-looking cousins or brothers, passing in by him, as he mounted guard at the door. He could not be so barbarous, however, as to lecture her about so common an occurrence, and used to go away and smoke his cigar in the open air outside, going back in time to wrap her opera cloak about her (an attention she permitted no one else to pay) and take her to the carriage. Then was his time of triumph. For when she leaned upon his arm, she had neither eyes nor ears for any other person, and he conveyed her safely home, exulting in the thought that he was the object of envy to every one of the moustached puppies who had been dangling about her all the evening, yet were obliged to yield her up to him at last.

They sat together, one summer's afternoon, in the captain's own especial snuggery. Here it was his delight to sit hour after hour, when he could have her with him, and carve little toys and trifles from oak, with no instrument but his pen-knife. On this particular occasion, however, he had a tiny chest of tools beside him, and was busily engaged in making a miniature model of the ship he had named for her. Julia was sitting on the floor beside him, with her arm resting upon his chair, watching the progress of the work.

"You should see the ship herself," he was saying to her. "If we had not been so happy here, I should wish I had taken you abroad in her this summer. However, there is time enough yet for that. Where would you like to go best?"

"To Italy," she answered, promptly.

"And why?"

"Because one can get such delicious grapes there."

"Little glutton!"

She laughed merrily.

"But that is not my only reason. The other is——"

"Well—what are you waiting for?"

"Promise not to be angry if I tell you."

"Go on, you silly child."

"Well, then, in rummaging over your writing-desk yesterday, I came across a most beautiful picture of a lady with dark eyes and hair, and very richly dressed. In the frame was a card marked 'Agnes Rivas, Villa Recci, Florence, Italy.' I should like to go to Florence, and see that lady, for I am sure you must care for her, or you would not have that picture with you."

The captain polished the instrument he was using, laid it away, and took another, before he answered.

"Would you care if I did, Julia?"

She bit her lip, and looked troubled.

"No—that is—I ought not. And yet, after all, I don't think I should like to have her come to 'Arcadia' to live. When she does come, I shall wish to go."

"Why, Julia?"

His manner was very serious, and he paused in his work, and looked at her earnestly.

"Don't ask me," she said, coloring deeply, and looking so distressed that he could not find it in his heart to distress her any longer.

"Well, my dear, you may set your heart at rest, for that lady will never come here. It's only a picture that I brought for you from Florence, and that card is the address of the lady artist, whom I never saw. The frame got injured on our voyage home, and I laid it aside, intending to have another before I offered it to you. Are you satisfied now, my pet? If not, let me tell you one thing more. So long as you are happy and contented here—so long as you are willing to be the light of my lonely home—no other woman will take your place. You may be sure of that."

"My dear guardian, I was only jesting!" she said, eagerly. "I did not give myself much uneasiness about the Italian lady, for I felt assured that if she had been about to come here, I should have been the first to know it. I know you would tell me, if you loved any one very much."

He started, and cut himself with his knife.

"Would you tell me, Julia?"

"Let me bind up your finger," she said, turning away her head. "You have cut yourself to the bone."

He let her wrap the wounded hand in her kerchief, after it had been bathed in laudanum and bandaged, and then he made her sit down beside him, where he could look fairly in her face.

"Since we have commenced this conversation, we may as well go on," he said. "I can do no more to your steamship till to-morrow, and you can answer me a few quiet questions while we wait. Of course you do not intend to live single all your days? Don't blush. As guardian and ward we ought to have talked this over long ago. Answer like a good, honest girl, now. Have you ever thought you would like to marry?"

"I believe I gave you my views on that subject some three years ago."

"Yes—I remember." The captain looked amused. "You were a little chit of a thing, in a gray dress and a white pinafore, who ran out and said, 'Oh, if you please, my dear guardian, I must marry Stuart, when he gets his commission.' I can see you now."

"Oh, I'm sure I did not say that."

"Very much to that purpose, at all events, Miss Julia. Well, are you of the same mind still? He has his commission, now."

"I know it. But why do you want to get rid of me, if no one else is coming to take my place?"

"Have I said I did? I only want a plain answer to a plain question."

"Well—you shall have it. I ask for no happier home than this—no happier destiny. Let me always remain with you—let me always be your ward."

"Then I am to conclude that you don't care to leave your cross old guardian for any one younger and handsomer?"

"You are."

"Take care, Julia, or you will make me as vain and exacting as any other man. If your cousin—Well, what do you want now, Mrs. Moore?" he asked, as the housekeeper knocked for admittance at the half open door.

"Oh, if you please, sir, there's a young gentleman in the drawing-room to see Miss Julia."

"The deuce there is!" grumbled the captain. "And what may be his name?"

She gave him a card. He read it, looked savage, but handed it to Julia. It was the card of Lieutenant Reeves. The captain rose from his chair while she was hesitating what to do, and fairly swept her out of the room.

"Go and put on your furbelows, and win the commission, Julia," he said, sarcastically, as he shut the door behind her.

She staid to put on no "furbelows," but went slowly down the stairs, dreading to meet her cousin, and more than half vexed with him for spoiling her afternoon by this inopportune call.

The young gentleman had not broken his heart over his disappointment, as his cousin had feared he would, three years before. Indeed, he had had as many affairs of the same kind on hand since that period, as would have driven it entirely out of his mind, had it not been for one circumstance. Julia was an heiress in her own right—the mistress of the sum of twenty thousand dollars. Had she been Medusa herself, the young lieutenant would hardly have refused her in such a case. Being only a pretty lively girl, however, who had once fallen desperately in love with him as a midshipman, he thought it only magnanimous in him to offer the lieutenant's epaulette for her acceptance, now that the time had come when money was the most desirable thing on earth to him, even if it was saddled with such an incumbrance as a wife.

She met him rather coolly. But he argued with himself that she was piqued at his long neglect, and so went to work at once to regain his lost ground.

"Julia," he exclaimed, pressing her hand to his heart, "have you forgotten all that once passed between us?"

"Dear me! of course I have! Why, it is three years ago!" she answered, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders.

"But you promised to be true forever," he said, a little disconcerted by her evident composure. "You promised——"

"Any amount of foolish things, I have no doubt, my dear cousin," she replied, quietly. "We will take that for granted. But you will do well to forget them all, as I have done."

"Ah, Julia—but if I cannot forget?"

"Pardon me—I supposed you had done so long ago. Your memory seems to have been roused suddenly, after a silence of three years," she said, looking at him steadily.

"There are many reasons for that silence which you know nothing of," he said, eagerly.

"I have no doubt of it, Stuart. But there are also reasons which I *do* know—remember that."

"Name them."

She turned away with a careless laugh."

"My dear cousin, of what use can that be? And why should we spend all our time in quarreling? Come, tell me what you have been doing since we met. How many battles have you won, and how many hearts have you broken?"

"Not one," he said bitterly, "judging by your manner. Julia, will you hear me?"

"Provided you talk reason."

"I will. I wish to know if you are prepared to fulfill the promise you made me three years ago."

"Stuart, this is too much," she said, "you are too sensible to suppose it."

"It is true, then, that you are to marry your guardian," he said insolently. "I have heard on all sides how infatuated you were, but I never believed it till now. Answer me, Julia. Are you? I will have an answer."

He caught her wrist, and held it tightly. She turned pale with anger, and spoke in a voice he had never heard her use before.

"Release my hand, sir, and till you can address me as you ought to, never dare speak to me again."

He dropped her hand, and looked at her, half-sulky and half-ashamed, as she went on. "I understand it all now. I knew you were in debt, Stuart, but I did not think you would take this means to retrieve your fortunes. I did not suppose you would trade and traffic in the love that was once yours. I ceased to love you long ago. I am sorry to say I must cease to respect you now."

"Don't preach to me, Julia," he burst out, angrily. "If I did mean to marry you for your money, it is no more than your guardian will do. If you prefer the graybeard, I have not a word to say. But remember one thing: we are strangers from this day."

"With all my heart," she said scornfully.

He bowed, took his hat, and left the house.

Julia did not return to the captain's room. She made the tea quietly in the usual sitting-room, and waited till her guardian came. He did not wish for tea, he said, but took his paper and began to read. She sent away the urn, and, leaning her head upon her hand, fell into deep thought.

"Well, Julia, when is it to be?" asked the captain, after he had watched her long enough over the top of his paper.

"What, sir?" she asked, without looking up.

"The wedding, of course. When are you to marry the commission?"

"Never, sir."

"Do you mean to say that he has offered himself to you?"

"I do."

"And you have refused him—sent him packing, eh?"

"I have."

He threw away his paper, and shook hands with her across the table.

"My dear, I am proud of you; but why did you do it?"

She was silent.

"Julia, my dear, I thought there was perfect confidence between us. If not, when will there be?"

"When my guardian can believe that I do not wish to desert him, even for a commission," she said, looking up, and trying to smile, though her eyes were full of tears. "And when he will also believe that a younger man need not, necessarily, be a dearer one to me."

"Julia, if I could believe that, I should be the happiest man alive," he said, walking hastily across the room, and then coming back to her. "But you cannot enter into my feelings; when a man has watched over a flower for years, Julia—when he has delighted in its grace and beauty—when he has adorned his own home with it—it is hard to know that it is only for a season, and that some stranger may wear it in his bosom, till it fades and dies, leaving the old man sorrowful and alone."

"Believe me, the flower can never blossom except for you," said the girl, as she kissed the hand that held her own.

"Ah, Julia, if I only dared to bid it bloom for no one else; if I only dared to say to my ward: let my arm shelter you, and my breast pillow your head till death comes!"

"Your ward would answer," said the young girl, nestling closer to him, "that it was the only shelter she had ever craved."

"Julia, can you mean it?"

"I can, and do."

"Be my wife, Julia; the wife of an old man like me!"

"Ah, to me you can never be old!" she whispered fondly.

He held her hand firmly in his, and looked up to Heaven.

"May God forsake me, if I ever give you cause to regret this hour!" he said, solemnly. "May God forget me, if I am not always a true and faithful husband to you!"

He has kept his word. Ten years have passed since their wedding-day, and he is still as fond and devoted to his young wife as ever. They make a glorious pair—he, still stately and erect (though his glossy curls are turning white); with the same kind face and courteous air that won her girlish heart—and she as fair and blithe as ever, with a happy word and smile for all who meet her, and the tenderest of glances for her husband whenever she meets his eye. Many, who see them together, wonder, almost audibly, why she married him. They need only follow her to her quiet home, and see the love which encircles her there—the kind face that meets her eyes each hour of the day—the ready hand, that can never do enough for her comfort—THE NOBLE HEART, THAT HAS NEVER DECEIVED HER, ALTHOUGH HER WHOLE TRUST WAS IN ITS TRUTH—to find the hidden charm that won her; and which makes the wife of ten years no less happy, no less frank and cheerful, and confiding, no less devoted, heart and soul, to him who has made her life pleasant, than was the ardent and enthusiastic girl who was so proud to call herself "The Captain's Ward."

ROMANTIC DEVOTION.

We once knew a young lady who had formed an attachment to the son of a rich merchant, a young man of talents, who, being one of a very large family, had little beside the profession of law to begin with. This want of fortune in the lover being considered a serious evil, we well recollect the enthusiastic manner of a female friend, who exclaimed in an ecstasy of admiration, "Mary is so attached to Frank that she is willing to live in a house *without folding doors!*" Such romantic self-devotion, we are happy to say, met with a happier fate than sometimes rewards such sacrifices, and our young lady readers will be happy to learn, that as "Frank" got on in his professional career, not only the folding-doors, but all the other must-haves of fashionable life came in due succession; so that at this present time both our romantic heroine and her chosen are as fashionable, commonplace and worldly people as can be found in the most *recherche* quarter of the city.

WOMEN.

Some women, at the head of nurseries of manly sons and lovely daughters, lay the world under deep obligations. Some write glorious books, that, beside their own intrinsic worth, are, to the sex, unrepresented, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a tower of defence. Without being seen, the good, great woman again and again arrests the meditated degradation, suspends the cruel blow. The increasing band of women who manifest what has been so profoundly hidden, the misunderstood powers of their sex, serve in need their obscure and helpless sisters, like a standing army, peacefully stationed between danger and weakness.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857.

Our only terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. It will be useless for parties to write us insisting on our taking large clubs at lower rates. An elegant family paper like the Ledger, (containing no advertisements, and beautifully illustrated,) cannot be afforded at less than these terms. We always stop the paper at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, you should renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

* * *

All Letters containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

* * *

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

* * *

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ONE OF THE REASONS.

Few, we apprehend, who are competent to judge, will deny that one—and that a chief one—of the causes of the present disorder and dearth in the financial resources of the country, is our past, and not yet ended, folly of importing millions, and scores of millions, of foreign products, which we either might have done without or created for ourselves. This looking beyond the seas for wares and fabrics would have been all very well, had the people beyond the seas looked to us for an equal value of our products in return. But this they did not. While the corrupted and extravagant tastes of our country-folk tempted our merchants to order millions of dollars worth of silks, and other articles, the manufacture of which is the best paying to labor, and the profit of which is greatest to the producer, we were only permitted to return as many thousands of dollars worth of three or four staple articles—viz., cotton, rice, and bread-stuffs—of our production, the value of which is least; leaving an immense balance of trade to be paid in gold and silver, the raising of which requires always the sacrifice of more or less on whatever is exchanged therefor, thereby making money scarce, and unduly enhancing its value as compared with labor and the commoner products of industry.

To render our idea simpler: our vanity and false pride have kept us a perpetual great debtor to the skill and industry of the old world; so much so, that the balances of trade and exchange, and the advantages of money, have always been sorely against us. For years, indeed, we have met our obligations without absolute break-down, but periodically there has come a pay-day, at home and abroad, caused by our excessive indulgence in foreign credit, which has shaken the very foundations of our currency, and spread commercial and financial disaster far and wide. We are in the midst of such a crisis now, and though home speculations have helped on the difficulty, it is easy to be seen that all would have been well had we owed no debt abroad, demanding millions of our gold and silver—and nothing else.

One would think that a single revulsion of this kind would teach the country a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, and that we would all straightway go about paying for our past follies and extravagances, and resolving evermore to husband our own resources, and live within our own means. But we are not easily made wise. Time and again we have suffered all the pangs of the present distress, and yet are simple enough to expect prosperity on the same old disastrous track. Prosperity, for any considerable time, cannot be ours until we mend our ways in this matter. We must develope more for ourselves, be better patrons of our own industry, indulge in simpler habits, lead sober lives, speculate less, be less grasping after external wealth, and we shall soon find ourselves ample in our means, and firm in our independence. Everybody will not, then, be in debt to everybody, but all will pay as they go; business and bank panics will be unheard of, and suspensions and bankruptcies will be only visionary events. But we fear that all warning and advice to these ends will be lost, now as heretofore. Just as the recovering invalid forgets his sick-bed resolves, so will the recovering public forget their distress and consequent determinations, and directly plunge again into the same or a deeper pit. Such is human nature.

UNEMPLOYED WORK-FOLK.

The saddest feature of the panic and break-down, now convulsing our whole country, is the multitude of persons subsisting by hand-labor, who have already been, and still further will be, thrown out of employment, for how long God only knows, and at a season the most untoward for such an event. The suspension of great industrial enterprises—forges and foundries, factories and artizan shops—will entail sharp distress upon scores of thousands, who, dependant upon fixed trades, know not where to turn in such a crisis as the loss of usual employment. Scarcely able to live comfortably when steadily employed, they are thus rendered utterly destitute and wretched, and not only they, but the thousands of wives and children, dependant upon them. Perhaps no-where else will the distress of this class be so great as in our city, where the means of livelihood are always most difficult of access. Here, in this crowded metropolis, where human misery ever shows a huge form, we may expect to see unparalleled want e'er the autumn and winter are passed. And the scenes will be proportionally harrowing in many other localities. Surely, the depths of humanity and brotherhood should be stirred in those who are positioned to weather the storm, and the sympathetic hand and word should be given to make the burthen of the suffering as light as possible. In a few months, the great cloud will roll back, revealing again the clear sky, and the sunshine of a prosperity that never would be marred if our people all lived truly republican lives. In the meantime, as ever, a benign Providence—the Providence of God—is over us all.

WAR AND PEACE.

War has been the great enemy of humanity and the progress of the race. From the remotest times to the present, the barbarism and waste condition of the world may be traced to the hostility of tribes and races, who have turned every energy to the erection of barriers against each other, and to desolating each other's hearths and altars. History, at best, is little more than a record of blood—a story of the plunder of nations by diverse races; of people oppressed; of the toil, sweat and agony of the many, sacrificed to the few, who have been the earth's lawless chiefs, taskmasters and tyrants.

The epochs that mark the life of the human race most distinctly, are the advents of certain extraordinary butchers, the greatest of whom rests his fame upon having overcome, pillaged, and desolated more countries, caused the death of more human beings, and entailed more sorrow and misery upon those who remained, than any of his predecessors.

If we look at the matter closely, war has been the great trade of mankind. All other pursuits have been secondary and subservient, and from throne and altar, the State and Church have decreed and canonized it. To get more—to conquer—to rise above rivalry, which is the instinct of man, isolate or collectively—has ever and incessantly divided the inhabitants of earth into the offensive and defensive, and the paramount art of every age, involving the continual absorption of the industry of man, and heaping bonds of debt and chains of vassalage upon him, has been to strengthen these antagonistic positions.

Until of late our age, and even now our country, is but a partial exception. We stand, as a nation, on the threshold of a human Era—the Era of Peace—and we can look abroad, and calmly survey the whole field of horrors. We can see that the masses have forged all their fetters by the wars to which they have consented, to gratify a few crafty, ambitious men. War has blasted their lives, and left their bones to bleach on battle-fields. War has taxed them for armies and navies, and heaped on them, and their progeny to come, monstrous national debts. War keeps the world in beggary and wretchedness. The bayonets may glisten, the banners wave, and the proud ships cleave the sea defiantly—all their pomp is born from the suffering and degradation of the human race. They are the enslavers and tormentors of man.

But for war the world would now be a vast garden, filled from center to circumference with happy people. The toil, suffering and treasure that have been expended in wars and on war establishments, would have made the earth all that the poet's fancy has pictured of paradise. God speed the day when men shall forget war, and learning only the arts of peace and gentle brotherhood, shall realize the Heaven on earth which the Redeemer of man promised, and for which He devoutly prayed.

GREATNESS OF HEART.

We hear of greatness of mind much oftener than of greatness of heart. And yet it is not in the mind that truest greatness has its seat. Is it in the heart. From it proceeds the sense of justice, courage, patience, endurance—in a word, all the virtues which most adorn and beautify life.

Caligula was a wise man, but he was a bad man, too. Modern history has furnished more than one counterpart in its records of tyranny. Anacreon was a great poet in his day; but he was a drunkard, and was choked to death, in old age, by a seed of the very grape whose praises he had so often sung in his revels! Byron's intellectual greatness was sufficient to extort from the pious Pollock the meed of melancholy praise in one of the most remarkable portraits that pen of poet has ever drawn. But Byron lived a lordly rake, and died a victim, morally, to his own folly. Horace, the first of satirists among the Romans, was so wanting in courage, which is of the heart rather than of the head, that he threw away his shield, and ran for his life! And even the great Cicero, whose eloquence made senators tremble and the people worship him almost as a god, while his style has come down as a model of style for all times, by the intellectually inferior Pompey was made almost to quake in his shoes, when personal courage was in demand!

Then, again, there was Bacon—a man towering in intellect, yet groveling in heart, and weak as a pigmy when temptation assailed his integrity! But, turning again to the world's rulers contrast the great-hearted Cincinnatus, who went back to his plow, so soon as his country could spare him from matters of state, and the great and good Washington retiring, voluntarily, to *his* farm, while a crown for life might have been his possession. These were the world's truly great men. It has had many more rulers, but it has boasted none whose greatness was so untinctured with selfishness—which, in a word, was so distinctively and pre-eminently the *greatness of the heart!*

APPEARANCES.

"Man," saith the good book, "looketh on outward appearances." This is as far as he can look with certainty as to the motives of his fellows. Further ken as to these is an attribute of the All-seeing alone. As to the *pecuniary* states of those around us, the case is different. Appearances may be deceptive to the multitude, and especially to the young and inexperienced. To the observant man they are not. The very parade which the bankrupt or insolvent makes, not unfrequently, just before he fails, awakens *his* suspicions. But, so long as the masses are so easily deceived by appearances, there will be a struggle to keep them up. And herein lies a social folly of our time, of which thousands are now reaping the sad consequences in bankruptcy and ruin.

Oh! what unhappiness is produced by an undue regard for the appearance of houses, equipages and apparel, to the eyes of others! In order to ascertain "how they appear" to their "friends"(?) there is a restless striving to render them impressive to themselves: so that, after all, it is the "pride of the eye" that gives the great trouble to most of the people so unfortunately concerned about the "vain show" of mere appearances. The wiser ones amongst the ancients even, simple as their mode of life is understood to have been, were aware of this evil; hence one of their philosophers (Pythagoras) is said to have shut himself up in a cave during an entire winter, that he might ascertain how far the appearances of things had controlled his views of the reality of truth and justice, while Democritus went so far as to put out his own eyes, in order to make the habit of introversion complete, and enable him to see facts in their true relations to absolute truth.

What people most need, in times of pecuniary trial, is to do *what they themselves feel to be right*, which the debtor, living on other people's money, never does, putting *appearances* behind them, as the worst Satan that could beset them in social life!

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THINGS I HAVE LATELY SEEN.

It does not follow, of course, that genius should spring to life in a garret; but, for all that, it is a well accredited fact, that necessity is the crucible in which the gold, otherwise hidden, has been filtered from many a gifted son and daughter of Adam. "Rosa Bonheur" is a little woman, who, not many years since, lived in a garret, with a pet sheep. Now look at her famous picture of "The Horse Fair;" and wave your bonnet in the air, as I wanted to do, that one of my sex had painted it. Aye—wave your hat if you are a man, and give as hearty an hurra, as if that masterly performance had not been done by Mistress Bonheur. Be magnanimous for once; and don't pull up your shirt-collar, and coldly whisper over it, "Quite good—for a woman." I tell you it would make a reputation for any coat among you. There are few masculine pencils equal to the production of a horse like that superb fellow in the foreground. The very sight of him makes my blood leap like the sound of a trumpet. I can scarce keep my restless hands from his magnetic sides, or my cheek from his arching neck. Look at his flashing eye, and dilated nostrils!—ye gods! for a gallop with him till both our breaths gave out! That adorable creature—a spirited horse—is second only to a shapely, manly man; and so the fair artist seems to think; for she has done full justice to the muscles and sinews of their stalwart riders. So much vitality has she infused into this picture, that one actually feels stronger after looking at it—broader chested—breathes freer, as if he had actually ridden through the green lanes of England to this rural fair. I envy the man who now owns it; and, as I turned away, I hoped that the artist, though a woman, received a liberal equivalent for the treasure she has transferred to his hands.

One of the greatest curiosities I have seen lately has been "The Aquaria,"—for some time past a pet amusement in England—now first introduced to the American public. Almost every house among us has had its pretty globe of goldfish. Imagine your globe a glass square, with a floor of shells, mimic rocks, and salt or fresh water plants—as you desire a salt or fresh water aquarium, with fresh or salt water fish, darting about, or beautifully poised in water, so limpid, that every motion of their gauzy fins is clearly discernable. It is not only a pretty but an instructive sight to watch their habits and instincts—to see how naturally they adapt themselves to their artificial homes. I can imagine nothing pleasanter for an invalid, whose wishes must be circumscribed by his chamber walls, than the suggestive care of these little pets; no more attractive illustration for the teacher, of God's wonders in the deep, than the perfect finish of these little, finny creatures, and their beautiful adaptation to the purposes of their creation. I could wish that all who love to make home attractive to childhood's curious, asking eye, would make place for an aquarium in it. In the same place I saw—what was to me a pretty parlor novelty for any season—little gardens under glass; the tiny ferns and mosses beneath sparkling with the moisture that was constantly dropping like dew-drops from their vivid-green leaves. I consider every beautiful thing of this sort, introduced into our homes, as a counter charm for those harmful *outside* influences, which no wise parent can afford either to despise or ignore.

But I had not meant to moralize. Let me tell you of something else I saw the other day. I was sitting in a Broadway omnibus, with two other lady passengers, when the coach was hailed by a policeman, followed by a shouting crowd. The object of attraction was a criminal, hand-cuffed, and foot-cuffed—if that last is an admissable expression, who was, to our female consternation, bundled into the omnibus beside us! Whether this thing is allowable by law seems to me to be a question open to debate. His ashen face, blood-stained linen, and flashing eyes, might well have made us beat a precipitate retreat, had we felt inclined to venture past him to get out, which we did not. There he sat, looking nervously this way and that, as if conscious of our fascinated eyes—plucking, as well as he could, at his handcuffs, and looking wistfully at the door, and defiantly at us, who, I can answer for one, only compassionated him the more, that he had forfeited his own self-respect. Close beside him, bolt upright, sat the rubicund policeman—to whom a fallen man was an every-day affair, looking as stolid and contented as if he had charge of a leg of mutton for dinner—as if the degraded man beside him had not hell raging in his heart, as it was legibly written on a face that must some time have smiled back to a mother's loving kiss. Presently, putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a quid of tobacco, and, after generously padding his own cheek, he jerked a piece sideways, without word, or comment, or even a turn of his head, into the hand-cuffed man's mouth; then folded his official hands quietly as before, with the consciousness of one who has squared accounts with his brother man! The revulsion was too much for me, as I witnessed the peaceful look that stole gradually over the criminal's face, and I laughed outright. In heaven's name, thought I, for what is *not* tobacco a masculine panacea;—that it should be a "soothing syrup" for shame like that!—that over such a slender bridge good fellowship should cross between a prisoner and his keeper! It was a new phase of human nature. I pulled the strap—I was not afraid of the caged tiger now; and trudged off with my sixpence worth of fun.

Fanny Fern.

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is time the unanimous-verdict system of our jury-trials were done away with. Let the majority rule in the jury-box as elsewhere. Under the present system, it is almost impossible to get justice done; and in the trial of criminals, the villain is quite certain to have one intimate *moral relative* on the jury, who will clear him in the face of the plainest facts and law. The murderer is now-a-days a fortunate man. He is almost certain of acquittal, and is positively sure of more sympathy and condolence than a life-time of honest effort could have gained him. To be sure, this sympathy mostly comes from catty old women and masculine old grannies, but there are some young and good-looking maidens, who attain the summit of felicity by visiting murderers in their cells. Were all these masculine old grannies, catty old maids, and blooming young maidens, bent over some competent knee, and chastised into a healthy moral condition, we should undoubtedly have fewer murders and unspeakable crimes against women. But the main point of reform is that of our jury system. Increase the jury to thirteen, and then let the majority convict or acquit, and we shall have less law and murder, and more even-handed justice.

THE DIVINE IN LITERATURE.

There always should be a divinity shaping the ends of our literature—indeed, there is, so far as the instrumentality of good men is employed. The very ideal of literature is a divine one. The earliest religious notions of the world show this. A glance at heathen mythology will make it plain, while teaching a beautiful practical lesson, a history of mere myths or fables, though it was, as the etymology of the word indicates.

The Jupiter of the Pagans represented their idea of the "solar fire," their Juno their "æther," which includes our "air," and their Minerva the wisdom or light of the divine intelligence. The latter, it is said, Vulcan, with a single ponderous blow of that emblem of force, his sledge, caused to spring full-fledged from the brain of Jupiter.

Now, Christianity presents the multiplied and often confused personalities of Paganism in a beautifully condensed form. The "many gods" of pantheism become the "one only true and living God" in the monotheism of the Christian system, and personalities become attributes. Thus Christ abolished polytheism just as he abolished polygamy. But, while the symbols of polytheism have been set aside, many of its ideals live still, and they ever will live to animate the good and the true of earth. This may be made clearly apparent as to Minerva. In her person mental light sprang, fabulously, from the head of the Jupiter of the Pagans. It springs *really* from the God of Christianity. In its purity, it can come from no other source, because it is divine.

If this ideal of literature—taking the word in its broadest and most inclusive sense—were carried, as we have faith that it can be, into actualization, by all the caterers of our Christian age, glorious indeed would be the achievement. It would be worthy of the great and dignified mission to which the wielders of the pens and presses of our revolution-chronicling epoch have, in the Providence of God, been called.

LOST.

Like a poet in the splendor
Of his genius, all-complete,
In your love, so true and tender,
I am hidden, lost, my sweet.

When you leave me—all is yearning,
All is darkness, doubt and woe,
And the time of your returning
Is the only time I know.

Alice Cary.

THE LITTLE NELLS.

When Charles Dickens gave us his character of "Little Nell," he gave us what could only have come from the conception of a mind educated as his own—educated by constant observation of the ways, and wants, and woes of the poor and the lowly—educated as authors, sprung from the circles of wealth and fashion, never have been, and never will be, while the earth revolves. Thanks be to him for the creation! "Little Nell" was the first-born of a new race of characters in story and in song. The "Fleur de Marie," or "Little Flower-girl," of Eugene Sue, wherewith he may be considered to have made some atonement for other characters, whose vices have been properly condemned, soon followed as the French counterpart. And now, behold, there is scarcely a work of imagination worthy of the utilitarian spirit of the age—that is, the class which, discarding the silly romance of the feudal past or the fashionable present, comes home to the present age, if not to the present hour, and addresses itself to our very firesides—which does not have its "Little Nell" to remind us of virtuous young poverty in rags, struggling upwards to the light of goodness, as struggles the imprisoned flower to the crevice where the rays of the life-giving sun struck in!

When Dickens wrote of his "Little Nell," so frequently re-produced under other names, in his later works, there were but few women, comparatively, in the field of literature. Now there are many. The journal which fails to give them a channel for a free utterance of their thoughts, deprives its readers of what the reading world instinctively yearn for, and will have—that spirit of love and tenderness, ever divine, which is so distinctively *womanly*, which Dickens was not ashamed to let inform his conceptions, though he boasts his "manly side," which is the social hope of our age, and of which the "Little Nells" of literature are at once the promise and the type!

THE MASSACRES IN INDIA.

It is many years since the civilized portion of the globe has been so shocked by the bloody orgies of slaughtering savages, as by the accounts of recent massacres of Europeans, and, in a few instances, of Americans, by the Sepoys of India. Those oriental savages even transcend, in the ingenuity and extent of their cruelty, the aboriginal red men of our American forests. Oh! the unspeakable agony which those helpless, delicate women must have suffered, before they were mercifully released by death! Their children cut in pieces, joint by joint, before their eyes, and then themselves abandoned to the inflamed passions and fury of thousands of men more vindictive and merciless than the tigers of their native jungles! The strongest can but turn, shuddering and heart-sick, away from the unspeakably horrid picture. And it is some relief to the tortured and indignant heart to learn with what matchless courage and fortitude the British troops, officers and men, are stemming this crimson torrent of mutiny and murder. Under the burning Indian sun, without sufficiency of water or food, with fever and cholera ravaging their meager ranks, and against ten-fold odds, those gallant fellows are marching from victory to victory, with a calmness, and patience, and heroism, which sends a thrill through every manly heart in Christendom.

HINTS FOR "LOW POCKETS."

The ill-natured men of the country have had, and exercised, free scope in grumbling at wives, daughters, sisters, and the good and fair sex generally, since the commencement of the hard times. "Woman's extravagance" has been ventilated in every possible manner, and some sages have traced the commercial crisis directly to it, as the bottomless bog which has swallowed up the prosperity of the country. During all this time, however, no one has thought it worth while to overhaul man's extravagance. The croakers have kept utterly silent on that head, although it is well known that men annually expend for drinks, cigars, oysters, game-suppers, fast horses, amusements, and promiscuous high-living, more than enough to balance the cost of their wives' wardrobes. In this city, five dollars a day is considered a moderate sum to expend for such "extras," by many men whose incomes are not large, but very uncertain. And these are the very men who prate most of the extravagance of their wives and daughters; in many cases, said wives and daughters being in the habit of lunching at home on the remains of the breakfast, while the husband and father is washing down his costly game dinners with wine, at from two to four dollors a bottle.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Religious persecution is disobedience to the solemn injunctions of Christianity, under the sham plea of upholding it. How admirable the humility of the spirit of the persecutor, when he kindly condescends to patronize the Deity, to assist Omniscience with his counsels, and lend a helping hand to Omnipotence. In all such attempts, the failure is as signal as the folly. The rebound is always proportioned to the percussion—the recoil to the discharge. To conquer fanaticism, you must tolerate it. The shuttlecock of fanaticism soon falls to the ground when there are no battledores to beat it backwards and forwards.

Passive resistance is often better than passive obedience. It is not less efficient as a public weapon than the helplessness of woman is in private life. This formidable, though negative power, may be compared to a snow-ball—the more you push against it, the greater it becomes; it continues giving way before you until it finally comes to a stand-still, conquers your strength, and defies your utmost endeavors to move it. The Quakers are said to have been the first to discover this secret, which promises to become an important power in the world.

There are, unfortunately, in our world, a great many moral squinters, who, being incapable of a straight-forward view, imagine that penetration is evinced by universal suspicion and mistrust; who hope to exalt themselves by degrading others; who discredit everything that is noble, and believe all that is base; who would persuade their hearers that the pure, wholesome temple of moral beauty and virtue is a lazar-house of noisome corruption and festering abomination.

Somebody compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run—a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. In the voyage of life we had better imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by light from above.

Many physicians are habitually rude in their intercourse with their patients, yet few would hazard so unfeeling a speech as is recorded of a celebrated Florentine doctor. Being called on to attend a woman of quality, he felt her pulse, and asked her how old she was. She told him she was eighty. "And pray, how long *would* you live?" demanded the surly practitioner, dropping her hand, and making his way out of the house.

A physician having prescribed for a patient, called upon him a short time afterwards to see how he was getting along. On opening the door, he was perfectly astonished to find the patient barking like a dog. He inquired what it all meant. "Why," said the patient, indignantly, "didn't you tell me 'to take pills and *bark*?'"

A circuit judge, at a late session of his court in one of our western counties, highly complimented the people upon the fact that not a single indictment had been returned. It is sincerely to be hoped that the compliment thus paid to the *community*, was not more properly due to the *Grand Jury*.

A beautiful writer says that the lily seems the most hallowed of all the flowers of the field, from the use made of it in the sermon on the Mount—honored above all the children of the rainbow, for it is a syllable of the speech of the Son of God.

We see it stated that Dr. Conyers, of London, once dissected a man who had died of love, and found an impression of a lady's face upon his heart. Either the man must have had a very soft heart, or the lady a very hard face.

It is difficult to say whether time or discontent makes the greater ravages upon the human system. The two often seem to go into a ploughing-match upon men's faces, and we are at a loss to decide which makes the most or the deepest furrows.

We suppose that many people of our day might set up a plausible pretext to more devotion than Abraham's. He was willing to sacrifice his son to God—they do not hesitate to sacrifice themselves to the devil.

A contemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

An Eastern editor, referring to another's birth-place, asks, offensively, whether a puppy, if born in an oven, must be *bread*. We fear that many a puppy, no matter where born, is better *bred* than he.

Public opinion, when it has once ascertained its own strength, will direct while it seems to obey, as a vessel, while it appears to be governed by the elements, is in fact compelling them to conduct her into her destined port.

An acquaintance of ours boasts that his virtues are in everybody's mouth. He is decidedly mistaken. His vices are in other people's mouths, and his virtues all in his own eye.

A vehement partisan, writing in an Indiana journal, says that he goes for his party, "teeth and toe-nails." These terrible implements must be a formidable accession to the contents of his party's arsenal.

A fellow slipped down on an icy pavement, and, in a sitting posture, muttered, "I have no desire to see the town burn down, but I do wish the streets were in ashes."

"Sir," said a blustering little man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't know, but should think you belonged to the class generally called *in*-sects."

The pen is the silent mouth-piece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and permanence to the evanescent thought, or fancy, or dream of a moment.

Why was man made with wide-spreading arms, except, as Dryden beautifully supposes, "to satisfy a wide embrace!"

Oftentimes a political party, before an election, promises to "roll up a large majority," and, after the election, simply rolls up its eyes.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A worthless sharper from this city, pretended, in Cincinnati circles, to be in possession of fabulous wealth, and thereby caught and married a "great heiress" in that section. After the wedding, to his great chagrin, he discovered that his bride, assisted by her friends, had also been "playing a game," and was worth no more than himself. The happy couple, after finding each other out, concluded to separate and begin anew.

Over eighteen thousand laborers have already been thrown out of employment in various parts of the country, by the suspension of factories and other institutions, since the panic commenced. Counting the wives and children of these laborers, we shall have at least over fifty thousand persons who know not where to look for daily food.

The confidential clerk of a large dry-goods house in this city was recently detected in the embezzlement of his employer's funds, a practice which it seems he has been carrying on for several years to a large extent. He gave as reasons for this, that he had become addicted to gaming, and was intimate with women of bad reputation.

A young girl, named Mary Ann Slocomb, attempted to commit suicide a few evenings since, by jumping into the East River at the foot of Tenth street. On being rescued, she gave, as the reason for her attempt, that she could not get any honest employment whereby she could sustain life, and preferred drowning to starvation.

As a stranger was walking along Broadway, near Leonard street, a few evenings since, a robber ran against him, and, while the stranger was recovering from the jostle, picked his pocket of a gold watch, chain and key, and also a dirk knife, in all worth $160. The villain then ran down a side street.

The sumptuous furniture of three up-town "private palaces," from cellar to garret, was recently sold at auction, all in one day. The families, who have each been living at the rate of thirty thousand dollars a year, have gone into boarding-houses.

Paulsen, the celebrated chess-player, who plays four games at once without seeing any of the boards, has the largest head of any living man, it being twenty-four and a half inches in circumference. Twenty-two inches is the usual size of a full-grown male head.

A valuable horse, owned by a Mr. Kordheimer, of Boston, and considered to be worth $1600, broke his ankle a few days ago, by slipping in the road while going at full speed, and had to be killed. That is too much money to invest in property that has ankles to break.

The hard times do not seem to frighten lovers much. A short time since, the morning papers contained the announcement of forty-seven marriages that had been consummated the day before.

A few days ago a poor man drew $200—all he had in the world—from a Savings Bank, "in order to make sure of it," as he said, and on his way home his pocket was picked of every dollar of it.

TURN AND OVERTURN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Turn and overturn!
  Show me the lane so still,
And the crooked path by the apple-tree
  And the maple-tree, to the mill;

The old house, and the cherry-tree,
  With the well-sweep breaking through;
The clover-field and the barley-field,
  And all the things I knew.

Turn and overturn!
  And let me once more see
The rose that keeps the sweetest place
  In the book of life for me.

LADY CLAUDINE;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

Each in its turn the crimes of Brinsley Oakes forced themselves prominently and outstanding in strong relief upon his thoughts. Yesterday it was the dread that Sir Charles Heathcoate should discover the forged paper in the bank! During the night most prominently upon his fears was the apprehension that the robbery by which he had obtained the money to recover the check, might be traced to him; and now, to-day, that he has placed two innocent persons, securely, as he fancies, between himself and suspicion, the dread of being compelled to acknowledge the woman whom he had believed to be his mistress, as his wife, filled his mind with gloom and uneasiness.

"One thing is certain," he said, as he traversed with a quick and troubled step his library, which he had sought on leaving the dead sexton's abode, in order to be alone to survey his true position, and devise some mode of extricating himself from the fatal meshes which his crimes were weaving thickly around him: "If I confess Katharine (curses light on the soul of that false friend who entrapped me!) to be my wife, I repudiate Lady Claudine! The two change conditions! The result will be I shall have to fight both Lord Argyll and Sir Charles, besides enduring the reproaches of her whom I really love, and believed I made my wife, who is (if this infernal priest's tale be true—and that I will soon verify!) my mistress. How will her pride, and beauty, and high blood brook this! Which way soever I turn I find myself inextricably involved in difficulties enough to appal a colder and a more hardened man than myself! My conscience convicts me! Wagstaff betrayed me! And now I must make the best of my defences!"

For ten minutes he traversed the room, the curtains closely drawn, and the doors fast, that no eye should discover the workings and agitations of his face, as he planned and thought, and thought and planned, adopting and rejecting, and then re-considering the suggestions rejected. At length he stopped full, and with compressed lips said, darkly frowning with a cloud of repulsive gloom gathered upon his brow:

"It must be done! Some one of us has to be sacrificed! It shall not be me! It has come to strategy of war! I am besieged by dire perils, and must at any cost find a way of escape. One of us three must die! Ho! slave!" he called, opening the door to admit his African, who waited without.

"Massa!"

"Go to the house of the Sexton Trimble, where he lies dead, and find his assistant Jakes, and bring him at once hither. Make no inquiries, but get to see and have speech of him secretly, and putting this crown piece in his hand, tell him I have need of him, and he shall have more."

The slave disappeared. After half an hour, during which Brinsley Oakes had fully matured his plan of action, the slave returned, and with him Jakes. Captain Oakes held with him for some time a close conversation, and the grave-digger, with a smile, and much blinking and winking of his one eye, went his ways.

Captain Oakes, on his way from the sexton's, had met with acquaintances, with whom he was forced to interchange a few words, putting on a careless and cheerful air. He heard incidentally, as he came along, something about "yellow gloves." This was hint enough for him. He now called Pompey to him, and placing in his hand a pair of gloves precisely like those now in Lord Argyll's possession, he said—

"Take these," and he rumpled them and soiled them a little as he spoke, "and put them in Thomas's trunk; and take this one pound note, and put it in the pocket of one of his vests."

"Yis, massa," answered the slave, leaving the room.

"This will do to bait those who come with a search-warrant. This crime must be fastened upon my footman. As for the boy—my (ha! ha! ha!) my *son*—I have no desire to hang him! I shall have enough on my hands without his life! I dare not now, that I know he is my legitimate son, lay hands on his life. He must be saved. I dare not harm him! To save him the whole evidence must go against Stephenson! No one suspects me! Now, if I can get successfully through my present purpose, all will go smoothly. I will defy creditors, brothers, and all I now dread; for I shall be rich enough to buy off any man. I can return Colonel Stanley (what a lovely girl his daughter is!) his money under an anonymous envelope, and stop the prosecution, and so let Stephenson off; I will then pay off my debts, and take 'my son' and go to France. There I will educate him at any cost, and make a gentleman of him; and then I will live like a marquis on my money. As for poor Kate—I fear I should have to lock her up in Bedlam for life! I could never love her again, after injuring her, and she would always be mad and queer. Yet, perhaps, I might live with her in France; for I shall feel disposed, with a princely income of forty thousand pounds, to atone for the past! By a life of virtue and charity I trust I shall compound with my conscience, and make a more respectable end at least than this miserable Trimble!"

At this moment a light knock was heard at his door. He started, for he knew it well. His face flushed red as scarlet, and with a crimsoned brow, and a guilty expression in his eyes, he advanced to the door, unlocked it, and, without a word, gazed full into the face of—Lady Claudine—we were about to write—of his wife! But our readers know now that Lady Claudine is *not* the wife of Brinsley Oakes!

"To what good fortune, Madame, do I owe the honor of this visit to my private rooms?"

We will not, according to the approved mode of novelists, describe the *manner* in which he said this, by saying that he spoke the words "coldly," or "haughtily," or "repulsively," or "sneeringly," or "ironically," or "defiantly," or "angrily," or "savagely," as his manner was a compound, fused in the alembic of his passions, of all of them.

"Be seated, Lady Claudine."

With a gentle and lady-like bow, but with a pale face and a trembling form, she took the seat to which he pointed his hand; but, the meanwhile, her eyes seemed to be endeavoring to comprehend the change in his appearance, produced by his wig. She perceived some strangeness about him, but could not comprehend exactly *what* it was.

"Brinsley," she suddenly said, "I have come in to see you from an act of justice to one who has been arrested wrongfully as the robber of Colonel Stanley."

"Ah, Madame! The innocent should not suffer. Of whom do you speak?"

"Of Thomas. I have learned from the magistrate that he was arrested on a forged writing of complaint, signed by Colonel Stanley, but which Colonel Stanley to-day denies all knowledge of."

"He does? Then of course it was a forgery," said Oakes, quickly. "The justice has released my footman, then?"

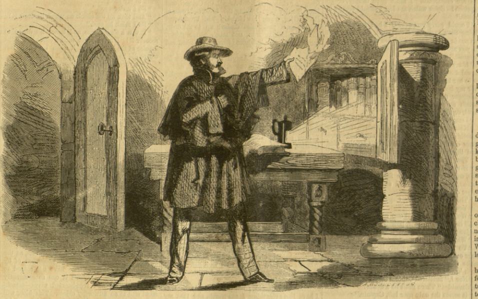
"No. He says it will be necessary to retain him till to-morrow, when Sir Henry Dalton, whom I have just seen, says he will have an examination, and if there are no proofs other than this against him, he will release him."

"And why do you interest yourself, Madame, for Stephenson?"

"For Mary's sake. She, you know, Brinsley, is to marry Thomas; and she is so distressed that I came to see you about it."

"And what can I do?"

"Be present at the justice's to morrow at ten o'clock, and testify to his excellent and ever blameless character; and your testimony will, with the denial of Colonel Stanley of writing a note to the police chief, charging him with the robbery, secure his discharge. Mary is almost broken-hearted. She is a faithful, good girl, and I would do anything to make her happy."



CAPTAIN OAKES DESTROYING THE RECORD OF HIS MARRIAGE WITH KATHARINE CECIL.

"I will do as you wish, Claudine," he said, with a tenderness of tone that made her open her eyes with a light of her former joy, when, by such tones, he won her maiden heart! "If you cared as much for me, Claudine, as you seem to do for this waiting-maid, I should be happy."

"You have no reason, Brinsley, to doubt my love. I sympathize with you in all your difficulties. I think that if you would break off from your present set, to whom you only lose money, and make yourself wretched how to repay your debts of honor, you would be—*we* should *both* be happier!"

"How can a man be happy without money, Claudine? I must live in a certain style. Would you have me frequent the club-houses of footmen and lacquies? If I do this I must have money to spend, and play with, only in less sums. A man might as well be out of the world as out of money. You know, Claudine, and it mortifies me that you do know, that my half-pay is of no avail to me; that when I lost that four thousand pounds to Sir Harry Fripping, last autumn, I pledged my thousand a-year of my half-pay for four years to a Shylock of a Jew, to lend me the money to save my honor! You know, in a word, that though my *wife* (here his voice fell in spite of himself) is the richest woman in Bath—the most fashionable place in England half the year, I am the poorest husband in Bath! All your resources, except a paltry two or four thousand pounds, I have made use of, for which I gratefully thank you, and appreciate, Claudine, your noble self-sacrifice in not betraying me to your banker. You have acted like a woman and like a—I was going to say 'wife'—but *more* than a wife—like an angel!"

The heart of Lady Claudine began to unseal its fountains of joy to receive such unwonted words of kindness. For love is woman's life! To love with her is to live! In her husband she lives and moves, and has her whole happiness. To her he is next to God—in the place and in the likeness of God to her! As man leans upon his Creator, a loving woman leans upon her lord and husband. She looks up to him; she trusts in him; she confides her secret thoughts to him. She is willing (so she knows he loves her) to be led by him whithersoever he goes. She will follow him all over the earth; adventure with him the storms of foreign and unknown seas; the thirsts and desolations of deserts; risk the fevers of the tropics, and the pestilences of the Indies. He can lead her, if she love him, everywhere but to—perdition! On the brink of crime and woeful guilt she stands and stops, for true wifely love is born of God! It came from Heaven! Its charity and its affection leads it to cling to an erring husband to the last; and she will at last die for him—but she will not sin with him. So Christ loved the guilty and unworthy world, and died for it; and he calls this love he showed for us the love of wife and husband, especially as the love the husband should show the wife. "As a husband loveth his wife, so Christ loved the Church," says the great Gentile apostle.

Lady Claudine, though her heart had been often crushed by Brinsley Oakes, though he had dishonored her love for him, and held lightly her devotion to him, still loved her husband. One unexpected look of affection, one word of kindness from the lips of an estranged husband will unlock the deep fountains of his wife's affections, which his coolness has frozen over; like the suffering child who believes the rising of the moon to be day dawn, so the faintest ray of former love beaming in his eyes upon her, she believes (because she hopes) is the full return of the morning tide of his love.

"I am sorry, Brinsley, for your troubles. I wish you would take my advice and do better. These wild lords and baronets, whose society you covet, care not for you. If you will promise to play no more, I will pay all your debts, and will transfer to your name fifty thousand pounds."

"What? This looks like a wife! But how can you get money to pay all I owe to tradesmen, Jews and others, and lift the mortgages on my horses, furniture and jewelry?"

"Hire it. I can obtain it if I resolve to do so. And what, dear Brinsley, would I not attempt to save you? I love you. As your wife, I am personally interested in all that concerns you. If you would confide in me more fully, we should be happier."

The guilty man felt his brows burn with the tell-tale blood of conscious unworthiness and infamous guilt. But he said no word. He was overpowered by such true love and frank expressions of wifely affection. Lady Claudine continued:

"I not only came to see you, Brinsley, in behalf of poor Thomas, who seems to be the victim of a conspiracy, as if the true criminal would push him forward to give him cover to escape under——"

Brinsley Oakes bent his concentrated gaze upon his wife's face with the sharpest and most penetrating glances of suspicion. Satisfied by her looks that she suspected nothing of the truth, his face resumed its wonted expression, while she went on and said—

——"But I was coming to ask you how we should manage to raise the eight thousand pounds you are to pay to-day. Nay, do not start so. I am not reproaching you for using my brother's name. I am only sorry that before using it, you did not come to me, and frankly tell me your difficulties. I could have refused nothing. I would even have sent for a Jew-broker and hired of him, on pledged checks ante-dated, all your needs required. How much rather I should have had you asked me for the thirty thousand pounds than used my name! But that is past. I only mention it to say that if you have confidence in me, all will be well; but never run such risks again. Never use any name, dear Brinsley, for present expediencies. I have, perhaps, to blame myself for not thinking last night, when you told me of your troubles, how the money could have been got without wrong. Since then I have thought about a way."

"And what is it, dearest Claudine? Really, I am glad we are coming to be friends again, and likely to understand each other."

"I trust so. As for me, I have never ceased to love you, Brinsley! I have only mourned over your sad propensity to play, and over your delusive notions that the society of gambling lords is necessary to sustain you as a gentleman. Now I have conceived a plan not only to pay your debts, but to make you love me, and be happier than ever!"

"And what angel hath taught thee this scheme, Claudine?" he said, smiling, but not from the heart.

"Only the angel of my wifely love, Brinsley. Hear it; and I could not rest till I came to tell you of it, after I had thought it out, and relieve you at once. I saw at the magistrate's office, while I was waiting a few moments for him to receive me, a copy of the Times; and I read an advertisement of a Banker of a Private Loan Office, who offers to cash checks for three years beforehand, provided satisfactory evidence be shown that the money to be checked is in bank, and will positively remain there subject only to the checks given him; and that he does this at a rate of interest to be settled between him and the parties; and all negotiations strictly secret and confidential. I had no sooner read this than it occurred to me that I could check for a year in advance for fifty thousand pounds—realize the money now, and not only enable you to pay all you owe, but leave us some ten thousand pounds. On this, by going to Paris for a year, we could live in comfort. There you would be away from your present associates; and at the end of the year, out of debt and out of danger, we could return to England; and taking lessons from the past, live afterwards happy and peaceful, and free from all this false and hollow life which makes us both miserable."

"You certainly got this idea from an angel, as I said," remarked Captain Oakes. "Claudine, I am not worthy of your thought," he added, in a passing and instant flush of contrition and shame.

"Do not say so, Brinsley. I will now tell you how I am to provide for you to pay the eight thousand pounds to-day. It is but twelve o'clock, and the bank does not close till four. And as my brother, Sir Charles, is gone up to London, he, of course, cannot have gone to the bank to-day, and your forg—(I mean your use of his name) is not yet known."

"And *how* were you to manage it?" he asked, pale as death, and wishing in his heart he had not been so hasty to play the role of a highwayman; and as he asked the question he sighed deeply enough for a groan of anguish.

"While I was reading the advertisement in the Times, Sir Henry Dalton came in. He apologized for detaining me, saying he had just been receiving rents from his steward, and added, as he ushered me into his inner room—

"'You see, Lady Claudine, that I have not awaited to gather up my money!'

"As he spoke he directed my attention to his desk, on which lay a pile of gold and notes.

"'You see,' he added, 'that I am more fortunate than Colonel Stanley; for I have my money here safely; and he was robbed on his way home. A bad affair that, madame. But we have two suspected men in prison!' But I see you are impatient, Brinsley. After speaking to him about Thomas, and the assurance from him that unless the evidence was clear, he should not commit him for the Assize, I cast my eyes upon the pile of money, which from the writing on a label upon the bag which the steward had brought I saw was £9060 sterling, and thought how needful it was for your honor and my happiness that you should have nearly as large a sum to-day. Fearing that you might resort to some step you would regret to obtain it, I took courage and was about to ask him if he would lend me the money on my bond, for a private purpose, when he remarked—

"'To have money is quite as troublesome as to be without it, Lady Claudine; for I must now find some safe person to loan this to, or some securer stocks than we just now can put confidence in about Bath to invest it in.'

"If you really desire to loan it out on interest, I will take it; for just now," I added, "my account is overdrawn, and I have use for eight thousand pounds."

"This just suits me. You shall have the whole 9060 pounds on your note of hand for twelve months, at the usual rates."

"This offer seemed so providential, Brinsley, that I at once closed with it, gave my note, witnessed by his clerk, and he gave me the money in the bag, tied up as his steward brought it to him. It was placed in my carriage, and I have now brought it to you. Mary!"

The waiting-maid at her call came in from the window, where she had been standing, and in her two hands she bore with difficulty a bag of money, mostly in coin, just as paid in to the steward by each tenant out of his own harborings.

"There it is, Brinsley," said his noble wife, her fine eyes beaming with the light of a good deed, and her happy looks anticipating his joyful surprise. "You see, now, that I came hither not only for poor Thomas' sake, but for your own happiness. Now take this. Mary, you may go. Take this money, Brinsley," she added, after the waiting-maid left, who, while in the room, with looks of fear and contempt regarded her master, knowing, as she did, the secret of his crime, "Take it all, Brinsley, and let what I have now done show you that I love you, and that you did not understand my heart when you accused me of not loving you, because I would not consent to use my brother's name. Love—true love—is the soul of honor, my husband, and cannot commit crime even for the object of its love, nor would this object demand crime's aid if it were worthy."

"Do you taunt me, Claudine?" he said, pettishly, and for her plain and earnest words ready to forget her good deed. But he was vexed, annoyed, mortified, angry with himself for having been so premature to get the money he wanted by robbing Colonel Stanley, when, by waiting a little, he could have received it without guilt. In his heart he cursed himself and his rashness.

"You do not seem pleased, Brinsley. Is it not enough?"

"More than I want. Claudine, you are a noble and true-hearted woman. If I *dared*, I would make a full confidant of you. But the revelations I would make to you would lead you to despise and shun, and fly from my very presence!"

"A wife is given man as his help-meet, his confidant, his aid, his counsellor, his friend; as one to whom he can tell all things without fear of betrayal, and who can from her receive the sympathy and consolation his more stormy nature and conflicting life requires. Tell me, my husband, all. Perhaps I can aid you, and together we can find some way of relieving your unhappiness. If it is only debt, I will, even at the risk of my brother's anger, sacrifice property to any amount!"

"Debt! Would to the good God it were only debt, Claudine! No, no—I cannot! *how* can I tell you all! Yet," and here he turned away from her, and with his face buried in his hands, walked to the end of the room, muttering, unheard by her, "yet she *must* know all, sooner or later, and her proud and loving heart will break all up. What an unmitigated villain I am! Out the truth will come! Her virtuous ears will hear that she is not a wife, but a dishonored woman! Whither shall I flee? How shall I escape, and where hide myself from these issues that are about to unfold themselves? This bag of money—proof of her love, which I doubted, but coming too late—is as fire to my soul!"

"Brinsley!" and a soft hand was laid upon his arm.

"Leave me, Claudine, leave me! I have changed my mind. I cannot reveal to thee what I would! Go! One kiss! Forgive me! I have wronged thee, but I shall— What do I say? I know not what I say! Go, Claudine! I would be alone—*all* alone! By and by I will come and see thee. For this money, thanks!"

"Go or send it at once to the bank, Brinsley."

"Yes, I will see to it. Good bye, now. Only leave me alone!"

"I fear you are ill. May I——"

"You may nothing, Claudine! Go, while I can speak kindly, for I will not answer for this mood long!"

Lady Claudine rested her eyes tearfully upon him, and after a moment's sad gaze and a deep sigh, she turned and left the apartment. As she did so he took the bag of money, and casting it upon the floor, trampled upon it like a madman, crying—

"Too *late!*" What fiend sent thee not hither last night? 'Tis the mocking of the devil that it comes now! Yet, with all her love, my purpose shall stand. She shall not live to know her shame!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The evening of the day on which the events detailed in the preceding chapters, a man, disguised in a short cloak of dark cloth, which he kept closely folded about his features, might have been seen secretly making his way across the grave-yard, towards the vestry-door of the ancient stone church at Welton-Aubrey. The shades of twilight were gathering thickly beneath the venerable yew trees, beneath which he moved with hasty and noiseless steps.

With a pick-lock he opened the low, arched door of the vestry-room, and entering quickly, he closed it after him. He then removed from beneath his cloak a dark lantern a-light, and searching about, he found the large parish register. With hurried fingers he turned over the huge folio leaves, and at length came to the page he sought.

The searcher was Brinsley Oakes, as the reader has already divined. The record he sought he found, and appended to it the well known signature of his mess room-mate and friend (ought we to say *false* friend), "Baily Wagstaff, Ensign Queen's Huzzars."

"The priest did not lie, and I knew he did not," said Captain Oakes, "but I wished to verify his words. Here they are, to my confusion. May the curse of treachery lie on this man's soul, be it in heaven or hell!" and here he spat upon the name as an expression of his bitterest contempt and hatred. "Perish, nevertheless, written record of my marriage!"

As he spoke, he tore from the register the leaf, and touching the flame of his lamp to it, he let it consume as he held it in his hand, and the small piece of paper that remained between his finger and thumb he thrust into the blaze.

"So much for the evidence! Now I am ready to see this priest in the rectory. If he be wise, he will not be too severe upon me!"

"Shutting up the lantern, he replaced the register upon its shelf, and departed, locking the door as before with the pick-lock, which his slave had obtained for him during the day. Beneath a tree he stopped to speak to four men concealed there, then passed on to the rectory.

"I am glad, sir, you have kept your word," said the rector, gravely, and without any show of cordiality.

Captain Oakes made no reply, but silently went in. He was ushered into a room, where sat, calm and pale, but with all the composure of reason, his once beautiful and still lovely wife, Katharine Cecil. Upon seeing her his brow darkened, while her face brightened with hope and joy; for the kind words, and sympathy, and encouraging conversation of the good clergyman with her, with his holy prayers for her, had soothed her, and subdued the wild and irregular intellect, and her heart became softened, and as he told her her husband and child would be restored to her, she wept for very joy. So now her face was radiant with hope; all signs of insanity had disappeared, for love is the healing balm of broken hearts!

"Leave us alone, sir, if you please," said Captain Oakes.

The clergyman obeyed, and Brinsley Oakes and his wife (who never doubted that she was his wife, only believing herself a deserted one) looked in each other's faces. She waited tremblingly, believing he was about to ask her to fly into his arms and heart.

"Katharine," he said, sitting down by her and taking her hand, and speaking as kindly as he could do, "you say you love me."

"Always—I never hated you! I forgive you! I am not mad now, at all! The good man has prayed the good God for me, and see! I'm not a lunatic!" and her eyes shone with a sad, unnatural brilliancy, that, with her touching words, would have melted any other heart than one which continual guilt had indurated.

"If you love me, do not urge me to confess you to be my wife. You know I am married again, and what a sad heart you would give a lovely woman who never injured you."

"And is not my heart sad, too? I never injured her, and yet——"

"But I can't talk with you. I have brought a carriage to take you home, since you will insist on being my wife! Will you go with me?"

"Shall I see my boy—my Brinsley?"

"Yes. But you did not fulfill your promise to me. You said you would go to the plains for a week!"

"But I fainted here! I was going, Brinsley—indeed I was!"

"Well. I will take you where your son is. Come at once!"

"Whither?" asked the clergyman, entering.

"Where I desire you also to accompany us—to my residence in Bath! I desire you to go, that you may do what I have not the courage to do—tell Lady Claudine all, and endeavor to bring her mind to composure after she hears all."

"Gladly will I do such a work of charity," answered the clergyman. In a few moments three persons entered a close carriage at the door of the rectory.

"To Bath!" said Captain Oakes to the coachman.

At the moment of driving off, two men, in the darkness, got upon the footboard, and two others shortly after made their appearance from behind the wall, following rapidly its course. Bath was but a little over a league and a half distant. Twice that distance the carriage went at great speed, but not in the direction of Bath, save for the first mile out of Welton. The rector had in vain tried to draw answers from the muffled figure in the corner of the coach; at length, being satisfied that they ought to have reached Bath, he let down the windows, and looking out, saw that they had ridden through a forest. Knowing that such a wood was not on the Bath road, he called to his companion—

"Where, sir—where, Mr. Oakes, are you taking me?"

There was no reply. The clergyman then shouted out of the window to the driver; but no response at all was deigned him. He now began to suspect treachery.

"Captain Oakes, I demand to know where you are taking me?"

"My name is not Oakes," answered a deep and heavy bass voice from the corner of the carriage. Dr. Covington started with an exclamation of anger and alarm, and Katharine Cecil, who was dreaming in her heart of love and happiness, shrieked with apprehension.

"Be quiet! This hollaring will only get you into trouble. We are most to our journey's end," said the man who, it was now evident, in the moment of their entering the carriage in the dark, had substituted himself for Brinsley Oakes.

In a few moments the horses stopped at a gate, which, being opened by one of the horsemen, led them into a narrow and winding road, after following which a quarter of a mile, brought them to a ruinous rumbling mansion. Here the door of the coach was opened by one of the men, and the clergyman was told that he was a prisoner; that he would be well treated if he were docile and unresisting; and must make up his mind to a few day's detention at the place where he was.

Submission, where four strange and resolute men were his captors, was his only alternative. He suffered himself to be led under an arched way into a sort of vestibule, and thence was conducted by a man with a lantern to an upper chamber, and locked in.

Katharine was met at the coach by a woman evidently once handsome, but whose features bore the marks of vice, and also conducted to a strong apartment in the ruin, and left to herself.

The carriage then returned as it came, only one of the men of this mysterious party, he who personated Captain Oakes inside, remaining at the ruin.

We now return to the author of this outrage and daring treachery, Brinsley Oakes. This carriage and these men he had hired into his service with some of the money which Lady Claudine had given to him; men whom he knew could be engaged for any purpose, even murder, so that they were well recompensed for the deed done and the risk run. One of these men had been a smuggler, and he promised Captain Oakes that he knew a safe and concealed place where "the man who knew a secret he ought not to know," and the woman "who claimed from him justice he did not desire to bestow," as he phrased it to these ruffians, would never be found; where he had a brother living in a part of the ruin he had fitted up, and would keep all safe as long "as pay came."

On horseback, and alone, Brinsley Oakes returned to Bath. He re-entered his house with a sense of security which had been long absent from his mind.

"The two I most feared—nay, the *three*, are disposed of," he said, mentally, as he cast himself fatigued upon a lounge in his library. "One lying *dead!* the other two safe as if in their tombs; for so long as I give this smuggler money freely, so long his interests and avarice will make him fulfill my commands to the letter. It was a bold act; and was achieved with more ease than I anticipated; but with ease or by force I meant that prating priest, who presumed to reprove and dictate morals to me, should lie to-night where he can do no mischief. Until I have achieved my own security, they remain there. With the record torn and burned, and this wife I married, and this confounded curate who married her to me, under lock and ward, I have nothing more to fear from that source. So that troublesome affair I will now dismiss from my thoughts, and look at what is next to demand my attention. There is Stephenson still in prison, and likely to be there; for the officers of the law, here to-day with a search-warrant, discovered the gloves and the bank-note. These will be damning evidence. This man must be sacrificed to save me from suspicion! As for the boy—this Reuben, I might as well say at once—this son of mine: he will probably be released to-morrow, as there can be no proof. As he was arrested by my charge against him in a moment of self-preservation, I cannot take any steps to undo it all. I must let his affair take its course and trusting the committal of Stephenson will be the word for his discharge. Ah! Here lies upon the floor that empty bag—but not the *money!* It will do me much good service. It has already placed two enemies out of the way. Let me now weigh well my scheme and purposes."

He began to pace the room, as was his wont, when reflecting. By and by he sat down and wrote several letters to parties, and on matters in no ways connected with this story. It was about half-past eleven o'clock at night when Pompey came in softly, and said—

"Massa, dat man wid big red beard come."

"So soon! Let him enter. Ah, Brind, I hope you bring good news?" he demanded of a stout-built, nautical-looking fellow, with a beetle-browed head and shaggy, red hair, while a mass of beard covered his chin and lips. His whole aspect was savage, and the expression of his light blue eyes cool and sinister. He wore a massive gold ring upon fingers died in India ink with wreathes and anchors. A massive gold anchor served him as a brooch to fasten the ends of a flashy French cravat.

"All safe and under hatches," answered the man, with a concluding oath which neither religion nor good taste requires recording, even under the doubtful delicacy of a——dash.

"The priest was surprised a little?"

"Yes; but kept 'mazin' quiet when he found he couldn't help it."

"And the female?"

"Gentle as a lamb, Captain!"

"You saw them secured?"

"Yes, Captain Oakes. You may trust Rob. If you told him (with a golden roleau in your fist) to sew 'em up in canvass bags and toss 'em off the cliff into the Devil's Punch Bowl that roars below, he'd do it!"

"Brind!"

"Captain!"

"I am in a dilemma!"

"The only way is to get out of it."

"I want advice!"

"I'll do what I can. I'm gray a bit and have had experience, and seen the world a little on both sides."

"Killed men in your day?"

"Well, I suppose others have."

"You have no motive in betraying me?"

"I never blab. I takes my money—does my duty, and keeps a single reef on my tongue al'ays."

"Yes—I know all about you, Brind. I have resolved to trust you further. You know already something of my affairs?"

"Yes, that you live fast—that you married a pretty young woman, and got tired of her and married a prettier; and the first is ugly and threatens to give you and your new woman trouble; and the parson what married you lends her a hand. I know this much; and that we've got 'em both where they won't keep you awake o' nights thinking and dreadin' 'em. I b'lieve that's the log, ain't it, Captain?"

"Brind, you are as blunt and rough as a hedgehog. Yes. Now hear further: I am in debt in various ways full thirty thousand pounds, and not a guinea, save a few thousands I have set aside for other purposes, to pay with."

"Whew-h-h! Lee shore I'd call that, and flood setting in, and dead calm."

"My wife—Lady Claudine, is rich in her own right, and has an increase of £40,000 a year. But it requires her signature to draw it. And I can't always get it; and, besides, there are but a few thousands left for the rest of this year. My creditors are clamorous. I must have money, or go to prison! Spies watch me lest I should escape to France."

"I could carry you over if I had my old craft, Flying Star, in spite of them all, Captain. But you are in a bad fix. Sailed too close to the wind till you are all a-back, and likely to go down starn foremost."

"If my wife should die—you understand me—should die—without a will, all her property would go to her brothers; and I should not have a roof over my head. They detest me, and would rejoice to beggar me! Then, of course, nothing would remain for me but King's Bench, or Newgate, a pistol, or flight to the continent."

"I see, Captain," answered the smuggler, coolly.

"Now what am I to do? Within a few days something must be done to make my London creditors quiet. As I said, if Lady Claudine dies, (and life is uncertain,) I should become a beggar."

"That looks clear to my mind."

"If she lives she will hear that I have another wife, and at once leave me for her brother's protection, and this step would affect me as seriously as her death."

"That is stop supplies, Captain!"

"Yes."

"Well, you have but one course to steer, as I see," said the smuggler, putting a fresh ouid into his jaws.

"What one?"

"To write to my brother, Rob, what has got your other wife in charge, to tie her up in a sack, make the parson say prayers over her, and then pitch 'em into the sea. I see no other way."

"Nor I," muttered Captain Oakes in a half tone to himself. "There must be a death!"

"It seems the only spar left, Captain."

"But the death of these two would not give me means to pay my debts, and meet the expenses of my fashionable position."

"True! I can see no way then but to give up this idea of the sack and prayers. What do you make of it, Captain?"

"Brind—if I could but trust you!"

"Pay me in proportion, and you may."

"Listen!—Nay, nigher to me! Lady Claudine's death alone can save me!"

"How's that? Didn't you jist say——"

"*If* she died without a will, I said, I should be a beggar, and rot in a debtor's prison. You are very obtuse, man."

"I can't get at your idee, Captain, quite."

"Then I will speak out! Hear all:—Lady Claudine is not my wife, as she cannot be since I have a former wife undivorced alive! Now, if this first wife presses her claim, and by the aid of the priest demands justice, Lady Claudine sinks at once to the actual position of mistress! Of course, (not to speak of my probable death at the hands of her enraged brothers,) I should be cut off from all benefit from her money. But if she make a will bequeathing to me her whole estate as her lawful husband, and *then* die, I should be one of the richest men in Bath!"

"I catch your idee, Captain. But if she don't die, what good will her will do you?"

"But——" Here the Captain rose and drew near, and put his mouth close to the shaggy-locked ears of the smuggler, and continued, in a hoarse whisper—"But she *shall* die!"

"Do you mean——?"

"Yes—I mean it! Brind, I have planned it all! I had made up my mind to it before she brought me the bag of money out of which you and your men are so freely paid. Her goodness, and faith, and love made me hesitate, and resolve to abandon the idea. Besides, if she lives, she will find herself disgraced as an adultress; for this marriage of mine must come out. I heard from the toll-keeper, as I came into Bath, that he knew it—that the priest's serving-woman was his daughter, and had told the whole tale, which the rector made no secret of in his own house! It *will* come out! It is only a question of time. And until I have secured myself have I put the priest and Katharine Cecil out of the way. It will do me no good to take their lives! But——"

"But," continued the smuggler, seeing he hesitated, "taking the life of Lady Claudine would make you a rich man, that is if she made her will first in your favor."

"Yes."

"And has she made a will?"

"No. But I have for her. Here it is. A lawyer, who is a magistrate, with a conscience as dead as this parchment, has drawn it all in form. He has attested it. Of course I paid him for his name. And here is the forged signature of Godfrey Milford—a gentleman who died yesterday, and whose name I have used, since he cannot come back to gainsay it."

"Do you want mine too, Captain?"

"Yours! No! That would stamp it with instant suspicion."

"Of course then it wont want the lady's signature?"

"No. It is already here, written so like her own hand that she would hesitate to deny it."

"So far so good, Captain. What next?"

"Her death! I must sacrifice her to save myself. Over my head hangs this dreaded revelation of my former marriage. Let it once reach her ears, or those of her brothers, and I am lost! Better, too, she die, than live to learn her dishonor!"

"And what way will you bring it about?" asked Brind, as cooly as if the subject of their conversation was the death of a stag.

"That I have not decided upon. I have only made up my mind that I must sacrifice her to my own destinies. One of us must perish! And I love her too well, strange as it may seem for me to say so, to let her live and know her true position. Die she would then (for I know how proud she is) by her own hand! I only anticipate the tragedy, as well as spare her much misery!"

The smuggler could not help regarding the face of the speaker with looks of astonishment. Familiar as he himself was with crime, he had no idea of such finesse and subtlety in connection with it. The audacity and composure of the arguments amazed him.

"And when she is dead, what am I to do with the parson and the other?"

"Let them go, after I have left England for the continent. In four days after her death I shall be in possession; and leaving an agent to pay my debts, and arrange affairs, I shall not let the grass grow beneath my feet till I reach the other side of the water! And I shall have to put you in funds, Brind, to have me a small, fast vessel ready."

"For five hundred pounds I will take you over."

"You shall have it. Now to the mode of managing this ugly business; but uglier for me in every way if I do not do it. There is no alternative. One or the other—and she it must be! Now to the mode!"

Before these two well-matched men parted, the mode of accomplishing the death of the hapless Lady Claudine was settled upon. But we have further developments for the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

The morning after the scenes recorded in the foregoing chapter, as Lord Argyll, the Colonel, and Miss Stanley were leaving the breakfast-room at Rock Glen, where his lordship had breakfasted with them, a post-chaise dashed up to the door, and a fine-looking man, not much above thirty, sprang out. His handsome face was flushed and anxious.

Upon seeing Lord Argyll at the hall-door he ran forward, and while extending his hand, said—

"Is she safe? Is she well, brother Argyll? Confirm it to me!"

"If you mean Miss Emma," answered Lord Argyll, with a smile at his brother's excited manner, which fully betrayed the depth and sincerity of his love for the maiden, "she is not only well, but lovelier than ever, I dare say! Here she comes—no! She has blushingly retreated! I dare say she would rather meet you alone, Charles, hey?"

"Thank Heaven for the good news! The news in London was that some persons had perished in the flames; but no one could say who!"

"Then you did not get my letter?"

"No."

"The sexton of the church was burned to death; but no one was injured."

Here, Colonel Stanley, coming to meet his visitor, was so warmly received by him, that his heart beat quicker with joy, as all doubts of any coolness that he had feared he would evince, vanished before the expressions of his cordial face.

"I am glad, sir, with all my heart," said Sir Charles, holding him affectionately by the hand, "that all turned out so well as it has. I hope Emma received no ill effects from her great alarm and exposure."

"None, Sir Charles; but permit me to say that I have lost everything I am worth, and that my daughter is——"

"Richer than before, for having all her wealth centered in herself," said Sir Charles Heathcoate, smiling.

"Indeed, Sir Charles, my pride will pre——"

"Yes, any one might be proud of such a daughter, I confess; no, no, Colonel, I know what you would say. But let Emma and me settle this matter. It's an affair of our own. I saw her enter that room."

He did not wait for further speech from the father, but hastened along the hall, and disappeared in the sitting-room, where he had seen the form of Emma retreat.

"Sir Charles!" she exclaimed, half ready to fly into his arms, yet half doubting if he would open them to receive her, the fortuneless soldier's daughter. He understood at once her feelings, and with a voice deep-toned with love, he advanced, and taking her yielding hands in his, pressed them, folded in his own warm grasp, to his lips.

"God be thanked for your preservation, dearest! You have no idea what tortures of suspense I have suffered since I left London after midnight to hasten hither. I knew not whether I should find you alive or not. I first reached Bath, where by chance I saw Hetty, who told me you had come down to Rock Glen. When she told me you were safe I could hardly believe her, nor even my brother at the door, but now I see that you are with my own eyes. This conflagration——"

"We have lost all——"

"This fire will make me all the happier man; for it will now give me a good reason for urging our marriage at once, so that I can make you the mistress of my home, Heathcoate Manor. Not a word, dearest Emma, by way of objection. Do not doubt, for doubts are evil things, always. I love you with all my heart, and more than ever, that now you will derive all things from me. Your father shall live with us, and we will be happier than Prince Albert and the Queen."

We shall leave the lovers to their joy, merely saying that Emma's heart was not half large enough to hold all the love, and joy, and peace that was welling up into it.

Half an hour afterwards the whole party assembled in the drawing-room. The colonel had given his consent that the marriage should take place in two weeks, and Lord Argyll promised to be one of the bridegrooms. This matter fully discussed, the robbery of the pocket-book was declared by the colonel to Sir Charles, who, having heard of it in London, wished to hear the particulars.

"You tried the gloves, Colonel, on the footman's hand?" he asked, after listening with deep interest.

"No—they were too small; *you* might as well try to put on Emma's glove, there, that you are now playing with, as for Stephenson to wear those."

"This should be proof enough that it was not pulled off of *his* hand."

"Here are the gloves," said Lord Argyll.

When Sir Charles had looked at them for a moment, his face became suddenly pale; and rising up, he hastily left the room, beckoning with a look to his brother to follow him. As they were going out, Colonel Stanley, who did not, from his near-sightedness, observe the paleness nor the glance, said—

"My lord, the examination of the suspected persons takes place at eleven o'clock. It is now half past nine. If you are going out, will you return in time to go in, as you said you wished to be present."

"Yes, Colonel; I have already ordered my carriage to be in readiness," answered Lord Argyll, as he closed the door, leaving Emma, who had seen what passed, troubled and anxious, fearing she knew not what.

"Argyll," said Sir Charles, as he got his brother into the hall, leading him up to a recess window, "*I know to whom these gloves belong!*"

"You do?"

"Yes—to Brinsley Oakes!"

"To Captain Oakes—to Claudine's husband?"

"Yes. I have seen him twice with such gloves; and let me tell you that at my glover's, in London, yesterday, purchasing half a dozen pairs of gloves, he showed me a package of canary, which he said he had imported by the order of my brother-in-law, and had last week sent him a dozen up to Bath. He remarked that no one else wore such gloves; besides, he showed me upon the spring-clasp the initial "O." which, in his ostentation and exclusiveness, Captain Oakes had caused the maker to put upon them."

"Good heavens! Look at these!" exclaimed Lord Argyll. "Here is the same initial upon these! What is to be done?"

"I am too surprised to say on the spot. Without doubt Brinsley Oakes is the man. We know his excesses would drive him to almost any act. I have no doubt whatever that the draft for that thirty thousand pounds of Claudine's income was obtained from her under threats!"

"He has some conscience," said Lord Argyll, "for he was at the bank yesterday, and paid the eight thousand pounds back you loaned him on your check, so the banker mentioned to me, incidentally. Why, what is the matter, Charles?"

"I never loaned him a check! I would not have loaned him a guinea, save I knew it was to purchase a pistol for him to blow his own brains out with! Do you say he paid that sum into the bank to my account?"

"So I understood."

"And took up the check on which he drew it?"

"So I think he said."

"It was a forged one, and hence his desire to recover it! I never gave such a check! I must inquire at the bank about it when I go in! But where did he get money to pay it back?"

"It's very clear, now," answered Lord Argyll, with indignant eyes. "It was just this same sum Colonel Stanley was robbed of. This forged check shows the reason for the robbery."

Sir Charles Heathcoate struck his hand violently upon his forehead, as if overcome by this evident fact.

"It is *he* who has done this crime," he said, hoarsely. "My poor sister! The curse has fallen at last!"

"There can be no doubt of his guilt. Everything confirms the damning testimony of these gloves!"

The two brothers stood for a few moments, silently gazing into each other's faces, stupified and stunned. At length said Sir Charles, in a voice that seemed changed from its natural tones, so deep and tremulous it was—

"Argyll, what do you advise to be done? Remember his wife is our sister. It is true we have reproved her blind attachment to him, and her refusal to listen to anything said against him, when we knew he was wholly destitute of principle, and of course, of sincere love or respect for her; for love flies from the heart where vice dwells, as the lark from her nest, when taken possession of by the venomous toad. But we have not ceased to love her, for her only fault is one so commonly found in noble and true-hearted wives—attachment still to an unworthy object. This blow will fall upon her and crush her, for she has not believed what she has heard of his course, or believing, has forgiven."

"Poor Lady Claudine!" sighed Lord Argyll, in whose manly eyes tears had been sparkling for the past few moments. "My poor sister!"

"We probably have the only evidences of the guilt of this man," said Sir Charles.

"If I could think so."

"If we have, the only way to save our sister from public scorn and infamy, from her close relationship with this highwayman, is to pay over to Colonel Stanley the amount taken from him, who will then, at our request, refuse to prosecute, and then have an interview with Captain Oakes, and compell him to leave the country, and remain abroad on an annuity, which we shall be compelled to pay him, and then apply for a divorce for our sister, on the plea of desertion, keeping forever secret from her the knowledge of his crime."

"I can hardly realize that this man can have been so wholly lost as to have committed this crime," said Lord Argyll. "But I can verify it. The six notes which I paid him I have the numbers of, and Colonel Stanley gave me the numbers of the two one thousand pound notes which were also in his pocket-book, and taken, making the eight thousand which was paid in bank yesterday by him in order to quash his check, forged, as you assert. Before we go to the magistrate's, we will stop at the bank."

"And if our suspicions are verified?"

Lord Argyll shook his head gravely and sadly.

"We must save Lady Claudine."

"Yes."

"We must therefore keep the secret that we discover from all but himself, and command him to fly the country at once to save his neck. But let us return to Colonel Stanley and his daughter. We must try and be calm, and not betray our secret in our faces."

An hour afterwards, Lord Argyll and his brother were at the bank, being put down there at their request, while Colonel Stanley, having left Emma at Rock Glen, drove to the residence of Sir Henry Dalton, the magistrate who was to examine the prisoners under arrest.

The numbers of the bank notes which Brinsley Oakes had paid into the bank were referred to, and six of them proved to be the same which Lord Argyll had paid to Colonel Stanley as part payment for the purchase of Rock Glen; and, as if to put to rest all doubts whatsoever, the remaining two notes bore the numbers 13,333 and 33,331, tallying with the memoranda which Colonel Stanley had given to Lord Argyll, and also to the Chief of Police.

The two brothers silently retired from the bank, fearing to look each other in the face, their hearts heavy within them. After they were in the street, Lord Argyll exclaimed, with a trembling tongue—

"Proof clear as Holy Writ!"

"Were an angel from Heaven to assure me of his guilt, I should not ask such confirmation!"

"What is to be done, Charles?"

"Let us at once proceed to his house. We must see him without delay."

"But this examination of the two men from prison! Shall we let it go on, and perhaps end in their commitment? It must be stopped," said Lord Argyll. "I never was in such perplexity and trouble. I hardly know which course to pursue in this horrible affair. Claudine's safety, however, must be our primary consideration. I will go and see Sir Henry Dalton, and request him to put off the examination of these men."

"On what grounds?"

"That I know the criminal to be another man."

"Then, as a king's officer of the law, he will demand of you his name, that he may arrest him."

"True. What would you advise?"

"I hardly know. If we let the examination go on, and these men, under the evidence (which doubtless Captain Oakes has had a hand in, to turn suspicion from himself) are sent to prison for several months to await their full time, and are finally, or either of them convicted or sentenced, how should we appear! We cannot incur such a danger for them, nor such a risk for ourselves."

"If necessary to save these two men, we must do it; but possibly one of them was accessory to the crime. We had best let the examination go on; and, at the last, if they are not acquitted and discharged by Sir Henry, the magistrate, we then hold in reservation Brinsley Oakes, to be substituted in their place."

"I see no other course, Charles! I will, therefore, go to Sir Henry's and witness the examination, and you at once proceed and see how it fares with Claudine, and where Oakes may be. If you meet him, be courteous outwardly, for you must not, by word or look, lead him to suspect what we know, or he might escape the country."

"Which would be a good riddance."

"Not at all; for what would save these two men if they are committed? Nothing but Captain Oake's presence in England, and our ability to secure his arrest. If he flies now, these men are lost, if they are committed on the evidence that to-day will be brought to bear upon them," was Lord Argyll's reply. "Go and see Claudine, and I will meet you there after the justice's examination is over, and report to you."

"And if it goes against the men?"

"Oakes must be by us charged with the robbery, and given up," said Lord Argyll firmly.

"And Claudine?"

"She must know nothing of it! I will this very day start with her to the Continent, and reside in Italy, in some out-of-the-way castle, till all is blown over, and there can be no possibility of her hearing it."

"You will have to take her by force!" said Sir Charles. "She will ask a reason ere she will consent."

"Were ever brothers placed in such perplexity? I will think over the whole matter carefully, and so will you, and we will see if we can come to any decision that now seems impossible for us to reach."

These noble brothers here parted; Lord Argyll to go to the house of Sir Henry Dalton, and Sir Charles Heathcoate to proceed to the splendid mansion (a whited sepulchre!) of Brinsley Oakes.

But we will precede him to this mansion, which was one of the most imposing architectural ornaments of Bath, and, before being occupied by Brinsley Oakes, had been the residence of a spendthrift marquis, and withdraw the veil that conceals the entrance to the *boudoir* of Lady Claudine. She is seated upon a superb canopied divan, the top of which is embroidered with an exquisite representation of Cleopatra, holding to her snowy bosom the fatal Asp; choosing rather to die thus, like Eve, by means of a serpent, than to fall into the power of Cæsar, to grace his triumph.

"Was it not wicked, Lady Claudine," said Mary, who saw her mistress's eyes resting upon this picture, "for Cleopatra to kill herself?"

"Without doubt it was, Mary. We did not take our existence of our own wills, and we may not surrender them of our own wills. We must bow to the destiny or Providence which originated our being, and await the mysterious behest which ushered us into this world to bid us depart from it. It seems to me, as a Christian, and looking at suicide from the light which the Cross sheds upon the future, that suicide must be one of the most fearful acts that a created being can be guilty of, whether angels or men! What should we think of an angel terminating (were it possible) its own existence? What discord and horror must it produce in heavenly places? So it is equally dreadful when man, a mere worm, wanting faith to bear up to the last, settles by his own hands the question, whether he shall exist as man any longer. We have no right, Mary, to take this question in our own hands, and decide it. But Cleopatra was a paganess. She knew nothing of the immortality of the soul, and the life of holiness, and rest in a world beyond the grave. Light and immortality had not then in her day, when princes sat in darkness, and kings in the shadow of eternal death,' been brought to light through the gospel; for Jesus was not then manifested. We must leave her to the mercy of God, who, when he gives but one talent to his stewards, will not demand usury upon five—only ask for the one! But to a Christian suicide is an impossible crime."

"Which, Lady Claudine, do you think the most dreadful in God's sight, suicide or murder?"

"Without doubt suicide, Mary. For when a man kills himself, he murders an immortal creature of God—himself, for which he must answer; but as he dies also in the act, he cannot live to repent of it; and he dies with two crimes, both impossible to be repented of, upon his soul, murder and self-murder! While a murderer commits but one crime, and *may* live, in the mercy and forbearance of Almighty God, to repent of it. But why do you ask these strange questions, Mary?"

"I was only thinking about this Cleopatra, ma'am. May I go now and see Thomas? I know he will get clear. I want to hear the examination."

"Go, Mary, and let me know how it ends. I believe Thomas is innocent."

"I *know* he is mistress; and if I dared tell——"

"Dared tell what?"

"Nothing, ma'am, only all I know!" and as she left the room, she added, "If it goes hard against Thomas, it must all out, though it break Lady Claudine's heart; but this had better be than Thomas hanged, or that poor boy. Ah, Master Brinsley Oakes has got much to answer to God for; but the Bible says the wicked shall not prosper, and their devices against the innocent man shall come to naught. So I trust in the Bible words, and feel in my heart it will be so."

Lady Claudine was left alone. The expression of her face changed to deep sadness as soon as her maid departed. She remained a few moments silently thoughtful, and then, with looks of fear and dread, clasping her jeweled fingers together, and raising her Madonna-like eyes to Heaven, glittering with floating tears, she said—

"What weight is this I feel upon my heart? Oh, what nameless dread oppresses my soul! What ominous shadow of evil coming upon me—casts itself before, and darkens my spirits? I feel as if some great misfortune were going to happen! Perhaps it is caused by the visit of that poor, crazed lady, and the hints she threw out! perhaps her wild words have begotten suspicions that make me dispirited! Perhaps the half-spoken sentences of Mary, yesterday, keeping back what she feared to reveal, when she knew it might grieve me, have been conjured into unfounded surmises! Ah, who can tell the origin of a nameless and undefined dream when it takes possession of the soul? It is vain we seek excuses in the past for it, for it all proceeds from the future—presses firm the unrealized morrow upon to-day, and warns of danger while it points out no way of escape, nor reveals the source whence it is to advance!"

At this moment the door of her *boudoir* softly opened, and Brinsley Oakes came in. Upon seeing him she rose from the divan with looks of pleasurable surprise; for not all her suspicions, not all his unkindness, not all the tales of his evil life, could set her heart against him; only, as we have seen, she would not put her hand in crime to save even his reputation. The forgiveness of a wife who loves is like the forgiveness of Christ on the Cross, praying even for his murderers, *because* "they knew not what they did!" Truly was the nuptial tie ordained by God; for the love of heavenly-mated hearts, ever forgives each the other, excusing, from frailty or ignorance, all wrong done.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

◆

THE most ignorant have knowledge enough to detect the faults of others, the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

THE LAST LOVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I am alone and 'tis the twilight-time,
The hours when shades are deepest in the heart,
And wandering breezes sigh a mournful rhyme,
Perchance 'tis of the lost—but do I start?
For he is lost, and 'tis a time to muse—
My brow begins to chill with memory's dews.

But not for him—no, no—oh, not for him
Gush these cold tears, though he is far away;
His picture in my heart is growing dim
As it were painted by some misty ray,
When autumn's mournful moon was faint and pale,
And every bright star wore a cloudy veil.

I've striven to love him, though it were *in vain*
To have one fond thought in my heart's vast void,
One dream of breathing life shrined there again;
But all my early worship is destroyed—
Some slow convulsion through my life has past,
And made a chaos and a space at last.

Would that my deep devotion were forgot—
For now I know were he and I alone,
In God's unending universe, I'd not
Love him again! *That* dream is gone, all gone—
But one soft, sweet, and beautiful, and blest,
Lulls the wild storms of loneliness to rest.

Another! oh, another *dearer* one
Dwells in the heart that has been vacant long,
And the clear starlight of his love's undone
All spells of darkness—bright, and pure, and strong
In my wild nature burns the thought of him
Which Fate itself can neither quench or dim.

THE HIDDEN GRIEF.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

There was but just one man in the world that my father hated; and he, strange as it may appear, was the only one whom I could, by any possibility, love.

In vain I took myself to task for this perversity of feeling; it grew upon me day by day, and hour by hour. It was to no purpose that I tried to see with my father's eyes, and to judge with my father's judgment; the man to him so obnoxious was to me the one "altogether lovely," and my heart yearned towards him with a longing that was utterly uncontrollable, and which constantly strengthened.

The strange gentleness of his manner towards me, and the deep feeling that dwelt like music in his tones when he addressed me, had won my love, while as yet he had breathed no word which told me he desired it. But hearts understand each other's language, and mine knew *well* that with him was its rest. I needed not a word to assure me of his entire devotion; and, alas for it! not all my love for my father, nor all my respect for his opinions, could prevent me from returning his affection.

What should I do? what could I do? I had not *sought* to enter into this fever and fervor of feeling. It had come upon me like a strong man armed, and there was no power within me which could hinder it from sweeping triumphantly through all my soul.

"I *must* see Le Roy. I do not care what is the proper way. I am too miserable for that. I will do nothing wicked; and as for the rest, if he did not deeply love me, I should not so long for his sympathy—so love and desire his presence. I will not try to bear all this any longer. I *will* have the joy of his company, at least once. But *will he come?*"

This was the doubt that tormented me when I had sent, by my servant, a note to Le Roy Hastings.

I walked up and down the floor of my small library, built for my own private use by my kindest of fathers. I reflected on what would be that father's fury, could he know who I was longing to receive there.

"I cannot help it—I am desperate," was my feeling, and I walked to and fro in increasing agitation and excitement. I clasped my hands so tightly that the finger nails drew blood; I sighed sighs which were groans, and which, in bursting from my bosom, almost rent it asunder. My head ached distractingly, and my limbs trembled under me, but I *could not* sit down and be still. Oh, agony! what an hour was that! The conflict between those two strongest loves that I had known was like that between life and death, and I was torn and disheveled thereby. But my thoughts were diverted into a more pleasant channel by the sound of his step upon the stairs.

As I opened my door to admit him, I tried vainly to think of what I had intended to say when he should enter.

His face was quite flushed; and as he tossed his beaver from him, and shook back his damp curls, he took my hand without a word.

We were both dumb, and from the same cause.

Being utterly unable to speak, I began to *cry;* and this I did heartily. Ah! never before had I been so supported while I wept.

As naturally as if it had always been so, he had drawn me into his embrace, and my hands were clasped in his, as cold and trembling as my own.

Leaning against his heart gave me strength and confidence. I knew that he was mine, and I was his; *why should* I fear to open my heart to him?

I did *not* fear. I felt sure, *now*, that he would not and could not despise me any more than I could despise him.

"Oh! how my father hates you!" I sobbed.

"And 'tis killing you, because you love me," was his low answer. "I *felt* your reason for desiring to see me, and I am here. What is honor and duty to me now? I confess I cannot tell. Was it but the voice of passion that cries out for you, I would not heed it—was it but a vain fancy in you that desired me, I would smile and turn away; but years have told that our love is *the love* of our lives, and that we are each the great heart-want of the other, must we then go starved, and shivering, and solitary all through life, because of a most unjust dislike which your father cherishes towards me?"

"Oh! I don't know what to say to you, Le Roy, but it would make my father frantic for me to disobey him, and he has always been most kind to me; I *dare not* thus offend him. I cannot, nor can I longer live entirely apart from you. I shall lose my very reason if I cannot sometimes see you thus—thus, Le Roy—for I love you as my own soul, and I must, oh! I *must* have just this one comfort of now and then a secret visit from you. Perhaps it is not right—perhaps it is not maidenly; but oh! forgive me, and don't lose your good opinion of me; for I am an unhappy girl!"

And Le Roy did love and pity me. Bless his dear, noble heart! never once did he take advantage of the confidence I had placed in him. Never shall I forget the perfect respect with which the lover of my youth treated her who had placed herself so entirely in his power.

He said to me one day, as we sat together in my library—

"I would be very unwilling for the world to know of our concealed intercourse; for it would be sure to judge us hardly—and, Clara, the world is *right* to be suspicious of such things; for where there is much secrecy and mystery, there is usually little purity. But for the entire devotion of my love for you, I could not be tempted to this appearance of evil; and God grant that we may be, ere long, delivered from the necessity of such a course. We are risking much in these meetings. Clara, when will you be twenty-one?"

He asked this question with a sudden change of expression which caused me to inquire—

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I will tell you upon your birth-day—when will it be?"

He spoke gravely. Soon after I had told him he departed, and I sat indulging in sundry misgivings of what he might desire when my birth-day came.

A great change had taken place in my feelings since unburdening to him my heart. I felt calm and satisfied, having a sort of secret expectation that by-and-by something would occur which would cause a revulsion of feeling in my dear father.

I delighted in picturing to myself the day when he would declare his long mistake in the character of my lover; and frankly take him by the hand and call him friend.

"Then," said I, "soon after *that* he shall call him *son*."

Meantime, in all my griefs I had a comforter. Ah, me! how sweet it was to think, "Le Roy is coming. I will tell it all to him!" And when he came, and I was nestled in his arms, and talking softly—for fear of other ears than his—of all that had befallen me since last we met, what more could I desire? Truly, nothing. I was as happy and content as ever was young child on the breast of its mother.

Not so was Hastings. At every visit he seemed more anxiously to question me about the remarks my father had made of him; and about the young men who came thronging to our house—for my father was a wealthy man, and I his only daughter; and I had but one brother. Le Roy knew that there was one man for whom my father destined me; and he often spoke of him.

"Don't mention him, or any one else Le Roy. Don't you *know* that I am *yours* forever? I could not marry any man but you, even at *your* request; don't think I'm in danger of saying 'yes' to any other. Are you losing your trust in my perfect love, my own?"

"No, Clara. I know that I can ask no deeper or more tender love from you; but what I fear is, your dread of the displeasure of your father. All I can say to you don't seem to move you with any courage to brave that in order to become my wife; and how can I help fearing that it *may* prove that you will not dare persist in refusing obedience to any command he may see fit to lay upon you? And reflect upon what my feelings would be were I to lose you now."

"Never! never! Do not for one moment fear me there. Never will I wed any man but you—the thought alone is horror; but I *cannot* dare my father's anger, and grieve my father's heart by becoming your wife. At least, not yet, Le Roy—how can you wonder?"

He said no more at that time; and I hoped that he was satisfied; as for me, I could have been content to have matters stand just as they were forever; if only *he* could have felt as much at ease, and as happy as *I* felt.

On my twenty-first birth-day, Le Roy came to me, and said—

"Clara, you must now make your choice; either promise to become my wife within a week, or permit me to withdraw myself from your presence, to see you no more until you *can* become mine."

I wept, and besought of him to unsay his words. I could not live without him; and I dared not—oh! no, no—I *dared not* brave my father's stormy wrath.

"Then," said Le Roy, "we *must* part. There must be an end to this unacknowledged love; or, at least, to the feeding thereof, by these meetings. I cannot live longer *in this way;* and it is not well for you. It is dangerous to both of us; for a thousand chances might expose the habit; and who would believe that all was as it really is between us—*you* would be ruined in the eyes of the world, and I am resolved that the risk shall be run no longer. Clara, for our health's sake, for our reason and our credit's sake, I am determined to see you no more. This is my last visit; this is my last embrace, until you can recall me to lead you to the altar. My love—my own poor, foolish Clara—farewell!"

Shocked and stunned was I; and in such deep dismay, that it was not till some moments after he had gone that I had power to move, hardly to think.

"Gone!—has he gone, with such words?"

The door had closed peremptorily behind him; I could not see him from my window; but he would soon return! Oh! yes, he would *certainly* soon return!"

But three weeks passed, and he did not come; when four had gone, there were no tidings of him; another went in anxious watching, and such suspense as only they who have felt it can understand. The uncertainty became intolerable—I would have given worlds to have been able to seek sympathy from some one; but I dared not; "I will try and get him out of my mind," I said, "or I really think I shall become a maniac. I will go away, and seek to drown thought in the excitements of visiting."

I, therefore, went from home for a few days, and then returned to discover that Le Roy had, in my absence, been to see me. Now, now, indeed I *was* distressed. He had left no word for me; no sign by which I might judge of his feelings towards me; but, surely, surely, he would soon return. In this fond hope I waited—calm, outwardly calm, to stupidity, for I could hardly comprehend a word that was addressed to me; and my father said, testily—

"Clara, you behave like one moon-stricken—what ails you, child?" But within all was as the raging sea; aye, a sea of fire, whose billows spurned all control. Holding down, as best I might, the desperation that was growing within me, I waited for hours, for days, for *weeks*, but Le Roy did not come, and at length I became desperate through suffering. I started to seek him; I knew his home—it was about half a mile from the mansion of my father. He boarded in the stately and elegant dwelling of his married brother, and my intention was to go to the door and ask for him. Coward that I was, and guilty that I felt, I had not dared to entrust any message to a servant, or to a note, lest my father might, by some magic means, discover the act, for not yet had I come to the point of owning to him my true situation. The only thing that I could think of was to disguise myself as well as I could, and go and ask to see Mr. Hastings at the door; but, when I came near the house, it seemed to frown at me, and I dared not go up to the door. Oh! what would I not have given could I have seen the form of Le Roy come forth. "I will wait for him," I said, and I did wait until I dared to continue in the street no longer, for the hour grew late; then I went wearily home, to lay down, to toss to and fro, like a wave of the unquiet sea, for *sleep* I could not, and all the next day, and all of many days, I spent in outward efforts to look and act as usual, and in inward longing for the shades of night to fall, that I might again go forth to seek him. My soul loved such days as those were—each one seemed as a year—they are fearful to remember—and all the time my burden was growing more intolerable, from the reflection: "he *cannot* love me, or he would never, never, be so cruel towards me!" Still, I was determined to see him once more, or to die, watching for his footsteps. It was winter, and many an hour did I, the child of luxury, crouch, shivering on marble steps, near to the house of my lover. I took cold, and was troubled with a racking cough, but still went out every evening to try to see Le Roy. "Why did he never go in or out at that door when my eyes were upon it?" It was to me as if he had an instinctive knowledge that I was there, and kept purposely away. Those miserable watchings! I never wept while they were going on, for I was too utterly wretched to weep, and yet, despite the anguish of my love, the dread of its discovery was just as strong as ever. Thus was I hedged about, with both fear and sorrow. I could not understand why fate should be to me so cruel; never had I wantonly harmed even a dog, and no heart was more quick than mine to feel for the unfortunate. "Why must *I* suffer so? Oh! *why?*" said my groaning spirit. And sometimes, for a moment, a fierce resentment towards Le Roy would spring up within me.

"Hard-hearted, selfish being!" would I mutter, with my cold, stiff lips. "How much better he loves himself than he does me! What if I am a poor coward, and afraid of offending my dear father—it is because he has always been so good to me. *He* never would leave me alone to suffer thus, if he knew as well as Le Roy must know how I do suffer. I wonder how he would feel if he should find me dead out here in the street? I almost wish he might. I have a great mind to go over and lie down at his door and die; for I should soon freeze to death to-night—'tis bitter cold—my very blood is chilled, and seems freezing! I wonder if Le Roy will come out first to-morrow morning?"

"My life, at least, will not be long!" I said; feeling within me a sensation as if death were already benumbing my heart. But it was the stupor which follows intense suffering, that I felt; the worst of that agony was past; and, as day after day went by, and my hopes all died, perishing now one by one, now cluster by cluster, I became able, through numbness of feeling, to bear my disappointment.

At length I had given up seeing him, till—I did not know when—but for a long, long, uncertain time—some dim time in the future—when suddenly I remembered afresh his parting words: "This is my last visit, until you can recall me *to lead you to the altar!*"

With one cry of rapture, I ran to my desk and wrote: "I am yours, if you will but come to take me;" and with, what was for me, strange boldness, I called my maid and sent *her* to the office with the note. I would have gone myself, but could not. I was faint with anxiety and expectation, and must remain at home till this act was finished.

I had not long to wait now—the point to which Le Roy had been waiting for me to come was reached at last, and in twenty minutes after receiving my last note, my lover was with me.

He entered the library noiselessly, and his arms were close about me before I knew he was there. And once more I felt the throbbings of that dear heart! What a thought! really and truly beside my lover once again!

With what unspeakable delight did I behold the sweet face of Le Roy, as, all bright with his winning smiles, he bent it towards me.

"You *have* suffered, you poor, little darling, and this meeting does quicken the beatings of that fearing and loving heart, my own," said he, in tender and compassionate tones.

I told him then of all those miserable watchings; and fully did my heart exonerate him from every charge of coldness and cruelty, when I saw him shaken by sobs, and his face drenched by tears, as he held me to his breast, and said, in a low, choked voice—

"My poor, darling Clara." When we parted that night, it was but to meet again at midnight the following one; and then we were made one forever.

Le Roy had consented to allow me to keep our marriage secret as long as I wished to do so.

And so at midnight we went forth and were wed. Never have I forgotten the thrill with which I heard Le Roy for the first time call me "wife." It seemed to me that I could not be awake. But although I was his, he was not to claim me—I was still to be subject to my father.

I would admit my husband to my chamber through a door from which a staircase led directly to the garden; and up and down this he used to pass whenever he came to me.

We had been married about two months, when my father informed me of his desire that I should accept Mr. Campton (the man for whom he had long intended me) for my lover.

"And I wish, my dear girl, that you should prepare your mind for becoming his wife at an early day."

Here was trouble beginning.

My coolness towards my new suitor suggested to his mind the idea that I might already have a favorite; and he at once resolved to discover if this were so.

Meantime, my husband was becoming more my idol every day, and I was beginning to feel that even my father's anger could be borne for his sake, especially as it was not at all likely that that anger could last forever, when he came to understand what an incomparable son-in-law he had obtained.

"Let them fix the wedding-day," I said merrily to Le Roy; "and when they go to look for the bride, she will be not there."

The hearty embrace of my husband was my reward for this; and we talked long of our plans for the future.

"Oh, my husband," said I, "how I do pity lovers who are obliged to live apart. When I think of all the misery which we have known, I feel that I can never sufficiently thank God that we are at least together, not to be parted—*never* to be parted again! Oh, precious Le Roy!"

"Dear, darling wife!" said my husband, tenderly.

That morning, when in the gray of dawn he left me, he said, with a low and pleasant laugh:

"A little longer, and then no more such early partings; we'll be as lazy as we please when we get into our own house. Good morning, sweet wife. I would that it were evening again, for I do hate to leave you for so many hours."

He embraced and kissed me with more than usual fervor, and then went softly down the stairs.

I stood listening to the last sound of his footfalls. Just as they had died away, I thought I heard a sound as if of a smothered cry, and then a fall. Trembling with terror I crept back into bed—trying to reassure myself with the thought I must have imagined it all.

But when night came, and no Le Roy, I again recalled those strange sounds; and they filled me with vague horror. What could they have been? and where—oh! *where*—was my husband?

As I sat thus in my room, I heard some one enter from below; and soon after there came a summons for me to my father's study.

Mr. Campton was there. My father's face, as he turned it towards me, was white as death, and full as rigid. Mr. Campton seemed greatly excited.

"Wretched girl," exclaimed my father, as I entered the room, "how have you dared to pollute your father's dwelling by your wanton conduct? Behold the witness of your sin; and its punishment also; for it was by his hand that the partner of your guilt met with his death! He slew him this morning, almost at your chamber door!"

My stiffening lips could only murmur forth:

"He was my husband!" and I fell, stricken to the heart as by a bolt from heaven, lifeless to the floor.

For weeks my life was despaired of; and the fear of losing me, with the knowledge that the suspicion he had entertained had wronged me, softened the heart of my dear father so much that, when one day a pale and feeble stranger called on him, and besought of him, for the love of God, to allow him to go to his daughter's side, he burst into tears, and said:

"Go then, poor fellow, go."

I had just been dreaming of my lost Le Roy, when, upon opening my eyes, I saw at my bedside the pale stranger, and near him my father standing weeping.

It needed no second glance to tell me who was bending over me with features beaming with ineffable love and pity.

Such sharp and distracting joy as seized upon me was not to be endured; and stretching out my hands to my "dead who was alive again," I cried, "Le Roy—husband!" and the whole world reeled and vanished. I was insensible from joy as before from distress.

It needs hardly to be told how I recovered; how all was confessed and all forgiven; and how, with that dearest and kindest of fathers, and with that restored husband, my years passed happily away.

Le Roy had been sadly wounded, indeed, but not slain; and the care of those who had conveyed him away to bury him, but who, on discovering that he still lived, had done all they could for his help, had at length restored him to sufficient strength to get to me, as has been related.

All these things took place long ago; but how fresh are they in memory even yet.

I am alone now in my father's house. I am an orphan and a widow; but *I am happy*. Happy because I know that my friends are not lost to me; although I cannot, just now, see them, because of the mists that hang thickly about the river which they have gone over, and because my eyes are holden by the fleshly dimness that is still upon them; and I know that they think of me as truly and as tenderly—aye with a *deeper* and *purer* tenderness—as I do of them; and that, in a little time, I shall rejoin them; and in the presence, and with the loving favor of Him who is the truest friend of all—who gave me all the others, I shall go in and out among them forever.

And now why I have confided all this heart-history to the public I can scarcely tell; and whether its influence will be for good or evil I do not know. But one thing I can tell, and do know—that is, that the human heart is a helpless and defenceless thing, and that there is *no* help or support *on earth* strong enough for it to lean upon; and that within it, beating to and fro with restless energy, like the troubled sea, go passions and yearnings, and wants and woes, and that there is no shore against which its waves may break and be at rest, save the eternal shore of Heaven.

WHY IS A DANDY LIKE A MUSHROOM?

Because he's a regular sap-head,
His waist is remarkably slender;
His growth is exceedingly rapid,
And his top is uncommonly tender.

FASCINATION.

It is my firm belief, says the Rev. Mr. Borrow, that certain individuals possess an inherent power, or fascination, over certain creatures, otherwise I should be unable to account for many feats which I have witnessed, and, indeed, borne a share in, connected with the taming of brutes and reptiles. I have known a savage and vicious mare, whose stall it was dangerous to approach, even when bearing provender, welcome, nevertheless, with every appearance of pleasure, an uncouth, wiry-headed man, with a frightfully seamed face, and an iron hook supplying the place of his right hand—one whom the animal had never seen before, playfully bite his hair, and cover his face with gentle and endearing kisses; and I have already stated how a viper would permit, without resentment, one child to take it up in his hand, whilst it showed its dislike to the approach of another by the fiercest hissings. Philosophy can explain many strange things, but there are some which are a far pitch above her, and this is one.

THE "SISTER."

There is something lovely in the name of sister, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noonday sun; a sister, the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

DIGESTION.—It is a principal object of medicine to give strength and tranquillity to the system at large, which must have a beneficial influence on all its parts, and greatly promote the well-doing of every local disease. We cannot reasonably expect tranquillity of the nervous system whilst there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to insure its perfection.

THE BATH.—Next to eating and sleeping, the bath may be ranked among the very foremost of the necessaries and supports of life. It is of far higher consequence, and of more general utility, than any kind of manual exercise, gymnastic, or sport. It affects the system more powerfully than these, even in the very points wherein their excellence consists; and it is applicable in a thousand circumstances where they are not. It does not supersede, but it ought to come before, these other practices.

CHILDHOOD.

If there is anything that can warm the chilled feelings and send the blood bounding through the veins of sober manhood, it must be sympathy with the joyous spirit of childhood. The sense of animal enjoyment which ever utters its voice in mirthfulness, is so strong within all children,—there is such a fountain of pure unmingled joy ever bubbling up from the heart to the lips,—such a frank, honest manifestation of delight in their "day of small things," that he must be world-hardened indeed who can resist the cheerful influences of a close companionship with the "little people." We look on a group of merry children with a feeling that would almost approach to envy, if benevolence and a sort of pity for their unconsciousness of a chequered future did not awaken our tenderness. Then comes Memory, with her wand of power. The wheels of Time roll back,—we are once more children,—once more dwelling in the green nooks or gamboling in the flowery paths of that fairy land of life. Picture after picture rises before our imagination,—we are lost in dreams of by-gone days,—and when, at last, the spell is broken, we feel that by such recollections, even when embalmed in tears, the heart is made better. Oh, blessed indeed are the influences of a happy childhood to all who can call up such visions. Sorrow may cloud the present day, and fear may haunt the future,—guilt may have stained the hand, and vice blackened the heart; but, from the depths of degradation and sorrow and crime, will men look back to the scenes of their earliest youth with a yearning tenderness. And if those scenes are clad in the sunshine of joy,—if they can behold the good, the beautiful and the true, who can tell with what redeeming power such reminiscences may come to the world-wearied, and sin-stained soul?

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Of all the woe, and want, and wretchedness, which awaken our compassion; of all the scenes of misery which call so loudly for sympathy; there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with the love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years, when he has learned to love the draught, which, we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of the brute. Where is now his usefulness? where the admiration, where the love that once were his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who, when she repeated "for better for worse," would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the "worse" fallen upon her young heart. Is that she who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah, me! what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanked God, at their birth; the little ones of whom he had been so proud, whom he had dandled on his knee, and taught to lisp the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket, and the full bottle; the natural wants of the body denied, to satisfy the unnatural cravings of a depraved appetite.

Oh, God, have pity upon the drunkard's home!

HAPPINESS TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

"The greatest happiness to the greatest number" is the Divine will. But what is the greatest happiness? The due satisfaction of all the desires. But what is a desire? The need for some species of sensation. But a sensation is produceable only by the exercise of a faculty. Hence no desire can be satisfied but through the exercise of a faculty. But happiness consists in the due exercise of all the faculties. Now, if God wills man's happiness, and man's happiness can be obtained only by the exercise of all his faculties, then God wills that man should exercise his faculties—that is, it is man's duty to exercise his faculties, for duty means the fulfillment of the Divine will. But the fulfillment of this duty necessarily pre-supposes freedom of action; without it he cannot fulfill God's will. God intended him to have it; that is, he has a *right* to it—a right to that liberty. But this is not the right of one, but of all. All must have rights to liberty of action; hence arises necessarily a limitation. The freedom of each must be bounded by the similar freedom of all. This limitation of the liberty of action in each, by the similar right in all, is regulated by the moral sense.

DREAMLAND.

Our life is not wholly made up of the time while we are awake. Perhaps we actually live as much while asleep; for it is well known that we often dream over hours, and sometimes days and weeks in a few moments. But of all that part of our existence we are very ignorant. What wonderful, interesting or appalling adventures we pass through in the dead watches of the night, is known only in those profound recesses of the soul which lie beyond the ken of consciousness, and out of the reach of memory. We can bring away from the land of dreams but fragmentary recollections of strange adventures that probably happened to us just as we were repassing the boundary between it and the dull world of wakefulness. Yet, these are sufficient to show, that however chequered our ordinary life may be, it is quite tame and devoid of incident in comparison with that which lies beyond the curtain of sleep.

INCONSISTENCY.

Inconsistency seldom has its source in hypocrisy: a man may be sincere, though at times his words and acts are different, and his words carried into practice would entirely contradict and condemn his life. The life is the result of inherited tendencies, education, habit; the conversation or public speech of a rare and passing excitement, showing the man as he might have been if rightly trained. There are but few of sufficiently continuous clearness of thought, and, above all, of sufficient boldness and firmness, to be consistent. Very few have any real self, any true independence. By far the most of us are mere slaves, fenced in, and bound and lashed by custom. That the acts and speech do not accord is no hypocrisy, but the result of thoughtlessness or cowardice.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A merchant had a pet parrot, and, previous to going to India, he asked Poll what present he should bring her. "No present," said the parrot; "only when you see my brothers dancing on the greensward, tell them how I pine in a little prison." The merchant journeyed and delivered the message, and a parrot immediately fell dead from a tree. The merchant returned, and immediately told his parrot, who fell dead from his perch on hearing the news. The merchant, with tears, picked up the body and cast it out, when, to his surprise, the parrot revived and flew to a tree, singing—"The Indian parrot taught me *to die to be free, one day. O master, thou shalt so gain thy freedom!*"

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He hath made everything beautiful in its time."
KING SOLOMON.

Oh, God! how beautiful is Earth,
In sunbeam or in shade:
Her forests with their waving arch;
Her flowers that gem the glade;

Her hillocks white with fleecy flocks;
Her fields with grain that glow;
Her sparkling streamlets, deep and broad,
That through the vallies flow;

Her crested waves that clasp the shore,
And lift their anthem loud;
Her mountains, with their solemn brows,
That woo the yielding cloud.

Oh, God! how beautiful is Life,
That Thou dost lend us here:
So cheered with hopes that line the cloud,
And joys that gem the tear;

With cradle-hymns of mothers young,
And tread of youthful feet,
That scarce in their elastic bound
Bow down the grass-flowers sweet;

With brightness round the pilgrims staff,
Who at the setting sun
Beholds the golden gate thrown wide,
And all his work well done.

But if this Earth, which changes mar,
This life, to death that leads,
Are made so beautiful by Him,
From whom all good proceeds,

How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and blest,
From every fear and sorrow free,
Attain unbroken rest.

Hartford, Oct. 2d, 1857.

THE WIDOW'S REBUKE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Stowell was a very good man, young and enterprising, and honest to a fault. He had the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and his prospects were bright and promising. Who is there without fault? Charles Stowell had one, and sometimes he admitted that it was a very foolish one. In youth he had contracted the habit of giving expression to earnest assertions with profane expletives. In short, he used profane language; and at times, when very earnest or unduly excited, he even allowed the name of his Maker and his Saviour to drop from his lips in vain.

"Charles, you are not aware how the habit is fastened upon you."

"I know it's a foolish thing, Amanda."

"Ah, my husband, if it were only foolish I would not be so earnest. But it is more than foolish. It is wicked. It makes me feel very badly. You don't know how I love you—how proud I am of my husband. Every day I thank God that he gave me so faithful a companion, and one so honorable and honored. Were it not thus, I might not feel this one fault so deeply."

"But, my precious, you look too severely upon this matter."

"No, Charles. You do not realize the full amount of the evil. Men hear it from your lips whom it offends. It is a slight put upon your Maker. It proves to those who hear you that you have no reverence for God."

"Hush, my dear," spoke Charles, reprovingly. "You are going too far, now. You know I venerate the Deity."

"But those who hear you take his name in vain cannot think so."

"Why not? What reason have they?"

The fair young wife bowed her head a moment, and an apt thought came to her mind.

"Charles," she said, solemnly and impressively, "do you not sometimes think of that generous woman who bore you to life—who led your tottering steps through all the helplessness of infancy and early childhood, and who never murmured because of the burden?"

The husband looked up earnestly.

"I mean your MOTHER."

"Think of her?" he cried, with moistened eyes. "Oh! God bless her! She was a good mother!"

"Listen, Charles," the wife resumed, her voice sinking to a whisper. "What would induce you to use the name of that mother as you use the name of Him who died on Calvary—Him who suffered mortal agony that you and I might be saved? Say, my husband—think of it."

Charles Stowell was dumb for some time. He had never looked upon the subject in that light before. He had never realized that for the most common passion—the lowest and basest purposes of speech—he used the name of the holiest and most sacred thing of all the universe!

"Could all the wealth of all the world hire you to descend to the common practice of using your MOTHER's name profanely?"

"No—no," he answered, with a tone and look of self-condemnation.

"Then I would not so use the name of Him who gave you being."

Amanda said no more, for she knew she had said enough; and her reproof had good effect, though not so lasting a one as she had hoped. Ere long he had forgotten the lesson, and again, in seasons of excitement, the foul words slipped from his tongue. His wife was grieved, for she was a virtuous, pious woman, and loved him dearly.

In the same town lived a widow named Susan Gardiner. She was very, very poor, and if she would escape from the alms-house, she must put away her child, and then find work for herself. Her husband had been an unfortunate man, and a wicked man. His course had well nigh killed his wife, when the dark angel came to take him away. Charles Stowell had no children, and he and Amanda concluded that they would take the widow's son, and rear him as their own. The preliminaries were all made, and it only remained for the woman to bring her child.

One forenoon Charles remained at home to superintend some men who were digging a drain for him. They were clumsy fellows, and tried his patience sorely.

Mrs. Stowell was in her sitting-room engaged in sewing when some one rang the door-bell. She answered to the summons, and found the widow Gardiner with her child. She immediately waited upon her to the sitting-room, and then went and informed her husband of her arrival.

"Well, you must talk with her awhile," returned Charles. "These fellows are just turning the top of the brick cess-pool, and I must watch them. No particular hurry, I suppose?"

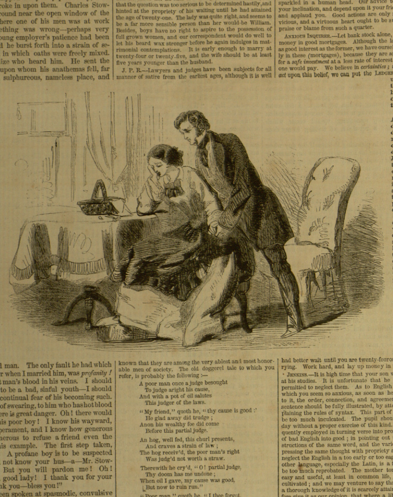
"O, no—I should like to talk with her awhile."

"And you can make all the arrangements, just as well as though I were there. I'll come in and ratify them."

So Amanda went back to her visitor.

Susan Gardiner was a pale, mild woman, with a deep, lustrous blue eye, and a cast of countenance peculiarly sedate and reflective. Her boy, whom she called Thomas, was only seven years of age; a bright, intelligent-looking lad, and very comely. Mrs. Stowell knew she should like him.

The two women conversed upon various topics, and the time slipped away very pleasantly, until a third voice broke in upon them. Charles Stowell had come around near the open window of the sitting-room, where one of his men was at work digging. Something was wrong—perhaps very wrong. The young employer's patience had been sorely tried, and he burst forth into a strain of severe language, in which oaths were freely mixed. He did not realize who heard him. He sent the unlucky wight upon whom his anathemas fell, far away into that sulphureous, nameless place, and he took the name of God in vain more than once!



Mrs. Gardiner started up as though a coiled serpent were at her feet, and upon her pale face appeared a fearful, frightened expression.

"Is that Mr. Stowell?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes!" groaned Amanda, in deepest agony. She dared not speak more then.

"Oh! you will pardon me I know," the widow said, rising from her chair. "This boy's father, alas!—God rest him now—was a wicked man. The only fault he had which I could discover when I married him, was *profanity!* My boy has that man's blood in his veins. I should die if he were to be a bad, sinful youth—I should die if I lived in continual fear of his becoming such. With the habit of swearing, to him who has hot blood in his heart, there is great danger. Oh! there would be danger to this poor boy! I know his wayward, impulsive temperament, and I know how generous he is—too generous to refuse a friend even the following of his example. The first step taken, and he is lost! A profane boy is to be suspected always. I did not know your hus—a—Mr. Stowell used—— But you will pardon me! Oh! God keep you, good lady! I thank you for your kindness—thank you—bless you!"

This had been spoken at spasmodic, convulsive intervals, amid sobs and tears; and as she ceased speaking she seized the hand of her boy, and hurried from the apartment—from the house! Amanda could not stop her—she could not speak—she was so whelmed with shame and agonized confusion, that she knew not what she did. It was a fearful blow upon her heart.

Shortly afterwards her husband entered. He started with alarm and astonishment as he found his wife alone, and weeping bitterly.

"Amanda!—Darling! What is it? What has happened?" he asked, springing to her side, and winding one arm about her neck.

As soon as she could compose herself, she told him all. She told the fearful oaths they had heard him use, and the effect it had upon the widow. And then she told him all the poor woman said, and how she said it.

"Oh! I could not blame her. She knows the disposition of her boy. She knows, or believes, that he will be a good man—a good youth—if he has proper example before him. But she fears evil influences for the unfortunate, fatherless child. Alas! my husband, we cannot blame her. She had a profane companion, and she knows all its influences!"

Charles Stowell did, for one brief moment, think of a dignified anger; but the feeling passed quickly away, and then he felt how foolish, how wicked he had been.

A poor widow had fled in terror from his house! A mother, suffering the bitterest stings of poverty, dared not leave a little child within the sphere of his influence! It was a strange reflection for him!

It was a long while before he spoke; but finally he said, in a firm, determined tone—

"Amanda, I will sleep upon this!"

And he did sleep upon it; and in the morning he went away as soon as he had done his breakfast. In an hour he returned, and with him came the widow and her son.

"Amanda," he said, in a tone of hopeful, buoyant pride, "this morning, when I came and kissed you, I solemnly sealed a pledge that another profane word should never drop from my lips. I have told this good woman how you have labored with me, and she has accepted my pledge, and will also be secret. You, my wife, have shown me the wicked principle involved in profanity, while this woman has made me realize its evil effect. Between the two I have been startled from my habit, and I thank you both, though I must say that the Widow's Rebuke was the most deeply cutting and severe."

A long conversation followed, which closed pleasantly and profitably. Thomas Gardiner was left with Charles Stowell and his wife, and very soon learned to love his new home and its owners, as he was loved by them in return. Charles never broke his promise, and the poor widow saw her son grow up a good, virtuous youth, honored and respected, and, like his kind foster-father, without one fixed bad habit.

THE "FIRST STEPS" OF INFANCY.

It is never prudent to anticipate the time at which a child acquires the art of walking. When the bones of the legs have acquired sufficient firmness, instinct will teach the child to "find its feet." It will raise and support itself by means of chairs, or any convenient article of furniture, and soon acquire the art of moving about. When infants are placed upon their legs too soon, they become "bandy-legged;" and even if they escape this infirmity, they are more timid, and less secure from falling, than those children who have been left to their own natural and instinctive efforts. A child may be reckoned healthy and strong when it can walk alone between the ages of twelve and sixteen months.

SECRETION OF TEARS IN INFANTS.—It is a curious fact, which is yet unexplained, that very young infants never shed tears when they cry. When once this secretion is established, it may cease during a course of disease; and children then cry without shedding any tears. Trousseau regards this circumstance, when it occurs, as one of bad omen.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE WILLIAM, of the mature age of twenty, is in love with a girl aged twenty-two, and in the intensity of his devotion he made her an offer of marriage, to which she replied that the question was too serious to be determined hastily, and hinted at the propriety of his waiting until he had attained the age of twenty-one. The lady was quite right, and seems to be a far more sensible person than her would-be William. Besides, boys have no right to aspire to the possession of full grown women, and our correspondent would do well to let his beard wax stronger before he again indulges in matrimonial contemplations. It is early enough to marry at twenty-four or twenty-five, and the wife should be at least five years younger than the husband.

J. P. R.—Lawyers and judges have been subjects for all manner of satire from the earliest ages, although it is well known that they are among the very ablest and most honorable men of society. The old doggerel tale to which you refer, is probably the following:—

A poor man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

"My friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good;"
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

An hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, "O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run."

"Poor man," quoth he, "I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil:
An hog came since into my house
And broke thy pot of oil."

JULIET loves a married man, and knowing it to be a sin, wishes to be informed how she could conquer her passion. Fly—you are nursing a viper which may one day sting you into madness. Think of the consequences of your unholy partiality, should you in a fevered moment yield to its criminal temptation. The future peace of yourself, and that of a whole circle of friends, depend upon your now exhibiting a little moral firmness. Shun his society, and in conclusion, purify your heart of its vile longings. Yours is not love, it is mere wantonness; and unless you immediately put some restraint on your passions your reputation will be sorely wounded, even if you are only guilty in thought.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—It is quite right that you should desire to excel in carving, for a man who cannot carve never gets as much as he is entitled to out of the viands on his table. Your success will mainly depend on the quality of your knife, which should be light, of middling size, and of the finest and *keenest* edge. In the use of it, *strength* is less required than *skill*. You must study the anatomy of all manner of joints and pieces of meat, and of fish and fowl. Get some good work on the art of carving, and study it thoroughly, and then practice upon the rules it lays down.

MODESTY.—Ascertain what the other groomsmen are going to wear on the momentous occasion, and then dress the same as they. A black dress-coat and pants, a white satin vest, a white neckcloth, white kid gloves, and pumps or patent leather boots, is the usual attire for a groomsman. One of the best-looking bride-grooms we ever saw had on thick, cowhide boots, corduroy pants, and a clean cotten shirt, with great amplitude of collar. That "style of thing" would not answer, however, where the houses are more than six to a square mile.

YOUNG WRITER.—We have no time to examine your stories, so you need not trouble yourself to send us the papers containing them. It is not impossible that you are all your friends say you are, and can write better than Cobb, Bennett, Saxe, Prentice, and Fanny Fern, all combined. We hope you can do that prodigious thing, and if you can and *do*, we shall soon hear of it. That you have not yet done it is quite certain, from the fact that nobody in this part of the world has yet been dazzled by the effulgence of your genius.

CREDITOR.—You must ascertain who is the administrator of the deceased's estate, and then present the bill to him. You should make it out item by item, and then append to it an affidavit that it is correct, that no part of it has been paid, and that there are no set-offs to the same. Should the administrator formally dispute the bill, and refuse to pay it, you must bring an action against him, within six months afterwards, for the amount, or else you will be forever barred against recovering your claim.

O. P. Q.—Pimples, styes and boils may be removed by touching them every four hours with spirits of turpentine, especially if this be done in their first stages. It is said that copperas dissolved in water, so as to form a strong solution, applied to corns by dipping a cloth in it and binding it on them when retiring, for several successive nights, will often eradicate them. Care must be taken not to wet the sheets with the copperas water, as it stains badly.

ANXIETY.—Make her an offer of marriage at once. It will be necessary, however, that you should first consult the parents. Nothing would more tend to remove the estrangement between the families than such a mark of respect. Your fears of offending the young lady are all baseless. There is nothing that pleases a girl more than to receive an offer of marriage, even from a man she does not love—unless it be a similar offer from one she *does* love.

JENNY.—You seem to be a very good little girl, and for a child only eight years of age, you write a remarkably good letter. You did wrong, however, to strike your little playmate, and you should at once go to her, tell her you are sorry, and ask her forgiveness.

CLAUDINE.—Judging from the paper on which you write, we should say that soap and water would be good for the complexion of your hands and face. We do not wish to purchase your poems. The back numbers of the LEDGER are four cents each.

R. G. L.—You should at once consult a competent physician. A cough that has continued so long is a dangerous thing, and should not be trifled with. Besides, this is the very worst season of the year to have such a disease fastened upon you.

AN OLD LADY.—We do not at all believe in match-making. Lovers should come together by attraction guided by judgment, and should be entirely free from outside influences and intermeddling. A match-maker is a nuisance, and should be at once suppressed.

B. J. E.—You can have your horse daguerreotyped, or photographed, whichever you please. We do not know what the picture would cost. The expense will of course depend very much upon the style in which you have the picture taken. We should think that $50 would cover it.

T. M. S.—You should have applied to the police as soon as you discovered the swindle of the mock-auctioneer. It is probably too late now to recover back your money. Keep away from such places hereafter.

CAYUGA.—You are quite mistaken in supposing that we were *angry* with you, because we did not answer your letter. Hereafter, in such cases, please do us the justice to believe that we are not angry, but only indifferent or fatigued.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—You have just as much opportunity to understand the writings of the Old Testament as anybody else. There is no great mystery about them. There they are—plain and palpable as the Declaration of Independence.

ADALINE's lover has lost one of his eyes, and she is afraid, if she marries him, her friends will laugh at her. For shame, Adaline! the poor fellow ought to be dearer to you with one eye than when he had two. If you love him at all, you will consider the remaining organ the brightest orb that ever sparkled in a human head. Our advice to you is, follow your inclination, and depend upon it your friends will admire and applaud you. Good actions are only ridiculed by the vicious, and a virtuous heart ought to be superior to either praise or blame from such a quarter.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Let bank stock alone, and invest your money in good mortgages. Although the latter do not pay as good interest as the former, we have ourself invested largely in these (mortgages), because they are *safe*, and we prefer a *safe investment* at a less rate of interest than an *unsafe* one would pay. We believe in *certainties*; and, because we *act* upon this belief, we can put the LEDGER through at its usual rate, though every bank and merchant in the country should fail.

EDGAR.—No. After an insolvent debtor has been discharged he has no claim upon his outstanding debts. They are *his* no longer; they belong to his creditors, and the recovery of them is entrusted to his assignees, or to the receiver appointed by the court.

CRUSADER.—We do not know what the present condition of Jerusalem is. We believe, however, that it is in an exceedingly squalid and filthy state, with no vestige of its former glory visible.

P. L. M.—We cannot aid you in securing a situation as reporter. The best way is to make your own way, without the assistance of anybody.

PHILIDOR.—You had better wait until you are twenty-four or five before marrying. Work hard, and lay up money in the meantime.

JENKINS.—It is high time that your son were set diligently at his studies. It is unfortunate that he has been so long permitted to neglect them. As to English grammar, about which you seem so anxious, as soon as he begins to attend to it, the order, connection, and agreement of words in a sentence should be fully illustrated, by attending to and explaining the rules of syntax. This part of grammar cannot be too much inculcated. The pupil should hardly pass a day without a proper exercise of this kind. Let him be frequently employed in turning verse into prose, and examples of bad English into good; in pointing out the different constructions of the same word, and the various modes of expressing the same thought with propriety and elegance. To neglect the English in a too early or too eager pursuit of any other language, especially the Latin, is a fault that cannot be too much reprobated. The mother tongue as the most easy and useful, at least in common life, is the first to be cultivated; and we may venture to say that where it is not, a thorough knowledge of it is scarcely attainable. We therefore give it as our opinion, that where a liberal education is not intended, the two or three years usually spent in the study of Latin would be much more usefully employed in the pursuit of English.

SAMUEL M.—To distinguish well between knowledge and belief is no easy matter, especially in a small compass. Strictly and logically speaking, there is no knowledge, a few sensations perhaps excepted. All our knowledge is belief. Faith is the basis of all science and all society. It is the very soul of commerce. It is in faith that the sailor trusts himself to the sea, and the aeronaut to the clouds. It is in faith that we put a letter into the letter-box, or pay a visit to a friend. It is the want of faith that causes the present troubles in the money market. We know nothing about the result, but we believe, and in belief we act. This belief or faith is the greatest power that the creature can have. God has knowledge, man has faith, and there is no living man without it. We vulgarly apply the word knowledge to that which could not under that name bear the test of criticism. Even belief itself is full of doubt. So that absolutely correct definitions of knowledge and faith are impracticable.

ELIZABETH.—The lines—

"Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!
Smile, though I shall never see thee;
Sing, though I shall never hear thee.
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as this gloom of mine"—

were written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the celebrated lines so widely known under the title of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The pathos and mournful dignity breathed from out this dirge to the memory of an unrequited love, are rather refreshing in these days of maudlin effusions to "blighted hearts."

M. M.—Practice speaking with a wide-open mouth and distinct enunciation, and you will soon improve your utterance. To avoid the whining, nasal tone you mention, hold your head erect when you speak, and throw the throat open to the widest possible extent. Some people bite their words in two, as though they cherished a spite against them. This can be avoided by keeping the mouth well open, and speaking with clearness and deliberation.

A **WESTERN MERCHANT** complains of the scarcity of "good wifely girls" in his section, and wants to know if we cannot help him to a first-class wife. He says he is thirty years old, not ill-looking, is worth about fifteen thousand dollars, and doing a good business. We must decline our friend's commission, as we are not a marriage-broker or match-maker. Besides, we consider the idea of getting a wife as one would obtain a horse, as altogether vulgar and revolting.

DESDEMONA wants a situation as governess, and says—

"She can sing, she can dance,
She can sew, and can darn,
And what she don't know,
She is willing to 'larn.'"

We would advise you to advertise your wants and qualifications in some of the daily papers. We cannot permit you to avail yourself of *our* columns for that purpose.

DISCONSOLATE.—It is useless to cry over spilt milk or a lost sweetheart. The conduct of your faithless betrothed proves that she is not at all trustworthy. She would have deceived you sooner or later, and it is far better that the deception should be practiced and discovered before marriage than after. You should consider yourself a fortunate man in having escaped taking such a creature as your wife, and go on your blessed single way rejoicing.

X. G.—You would find it more profitable to study the history and philosophy of your own age than that of the ancients. The old Egyptians were, undoubtedly, wise for their time, but their wisdom was largely alloyed with superstition. For example, they believed that after the lapse of 36,000 years the soul would re-inhabit the body, and hence their practice of embalming the latter.

A **GENTLEMAN SHOEMAKER** wants to know if he could probably get employment as editor on some of the New York papers, as he is "of a decided literary turn." Have your literary pursuits ever extended to the translation of the old adage, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam?" If not, we will inform you that the plain English of it is, "Let every cobbler stick to his last."

F.—Your son's practice of playing chess with his back to the board, or with his eyes blindfolded, is a most pernicious one, and should be at once discontinued. The prodigious strain upon his mental faculties, which such a feat necessitates, will be certain to overtask and impair them. We knew a most promising lad to be made almost idiotic by this very practice.

M. C. K.—If you wish to get married, you had better stop trying so energetically, and take matters easily. Any exhibition of anxiety in regard to matrimony is pretty apt to bring him who makes it into ridicule among the young people of both sexes, and no girl likes to marry a man who is the laughing-stock of his comrades.

E. S. E.—Yes. Napoleon the Great, like most other "great" men of the Old World, has left many heirs who do not bear his name. It is only in this country that moral purity is considered a necessary characteristic of true greatness. The circulation of the LEDGER is constantly increasing, notwithstanding the hard times.

JULIA.—A married woman can retain the control of her property in this State, also of her earnings. The best way, however, for a woman who contemplates marriage to do, is to have an ante-nuptial settlement and covenant executed, and trustees appointed to protect her in her rights of property.

ROMELIA.—Show the letters to your mother and follow her advice.

SIX CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY.—Really, the girls are waking up to the subject of marriage. We are constantly receiving letters on the subject, from all parts of the country, and now here we have six "young and blooming maidens" uniting in a communication packed with a list of accomplishments that would "set up" an entire female community. These distracting creatures can all sing, play, dance, draw, paint, and do all manner of pretty things, which they think will enable them to be most adorable wives. But, seriously, we think this anxiety—a natural and laudable one, we admit—to be married, should be accompanied by a sincere wish to be, as the business phrase says, "equal to the situation." Accomplishments are all very well; but in marriage something more solid than the ornamental is requisite. And we quite agree with the remark made by a celebrated writer, that no woman is educated who is not equal to the management of a family. Although it does not require so much talent to rule a household as it does to govern a State, still it requires talent of the same kind. As he makes the best general who has begun at the lowest post, and passed up through every grade of office,—as he makes the best publisher who has entered the printing office as an apprentice, and mastered every step in the profession,—as he makes the best admiral who enters the navy in the most inferior station, because they, and they alone, are acquainted with the whole routine of a subaltern's duty,—so that woman will manage a family with the greatest ease and efficiency who knows experimentally the duties of every member of it. Daughters who neglect this part of education are entirely without excuse. The very apology which is often made for the neglect of it, is often the greatest condemnation of those who offer it. It is said by those who are growing up in ignorance of these things, "any one can learn to keep a house when it is necessary. Any one who loves her husband, and is devoted to his interests, will make herself accomplished in these things when she is married." What a fallacious, dreadful mode of reasoning! As well might a young man say, "Of what use is it to me to learn a profession, or make myself acquainted with the details of any business? When I am married, if I love my wife, it will be then time enough to learn a profession, or accomplish myself in the details of business." Would there be any surer omen of total failure and discomfiture? That which a woman can learn to do in a few months under the tuition of love, can certainly be learned to much greater advantage under the instruction of a mother. If it is all so easy to learn, certainly they are inexcusable who neglect it. It is no degradation to the finest lady to know all the details of domestic affairs,—it is honorable, and ought to be her pride. We trust our young lady-friends will give heed to these remarks, and, before wedding, strive to know how to behave as a wife, so as to be the solace and comfort of a husband, instead of a thorn in his side.

AMANDA.—"Why do clergymen all dress in black?" The black dress is one of the traditions of men which the Protestants adhere to with a sort of religious reverence. There is no positive law for clergymen wearing black. The painters never paint the Saviour in a black coat or vesture, nor are any of the apostles so painted. Black was probably chosen at last to distinguish from the laity, who, in general choose, or did choose, colored garments for gaity. The Council of Trent says a clergyman's dress should be "proper and decent, and suitable to his order and dignity." For many centuries the clergy wore gay colors, like the laity, and in the eighth century an order was issued forbidding them to wear the tinctured colors of India. The first order of ecclesiastics who wore black in England, appears to have been the Dominicans, who wore a black cloak and hood, and were popularly known by the name of Black Friars. They have given the name to a district and bridge in London. They appeared in the thirteenth century. The Franciscans were Gray Friars, and arose about the same time. Somewhat later than this, black began to be used for mourning, and then it gradually assumed the character of suitableness for the clergy, because of its gravity and relation to death; but it was not before the time of the Reformation that the custom was fully established. Lawyers, being formerly clergymen, and many of them still Doctors Commoners, naturally followed the example, as also physicians, who are, *ex officio*, grave personages. It seems to have been thrust upon these professions, and now, such is the change in men's tastes, it is the most fashionable of all dresses; for even the blue coats are as black as the blue will permit. The Quakers manfully protested against the black coat, and no Quaker will wear black, or mourning of any kind.

FALSEHOOD.—Verily, our lady correspondents are getting quite philosophical. Here we have presented to us from two fair friends an essay on falsehood and its professors. They contend, and we are disposed to coincide with them, that the casual liar, the person who deliberately sacrifices the truth for a specific purpose, is a more dangerous character than the one who is flippantly disposed to exaggerate on the most trivial occasions. In the case of the latter, the good nature of society accords a sort of complimentary credence to his assertions, and thus, while holding him at a distance, keeps him in a probationary state, which leaves open to him the doors of reformation. The benevolence of human nature rates him as the victim of too ardent an imagination, and attributes more to folly than to vice. But with the cool, calculating framer of falsehoods, there is an actual loss of moral caste, which years of probity cannot recover. Society, exasperated and offended at his audacity, suffers him to fall into the pit he has with such daring wickedness dug at his feet. There is much truth in this reasoning, and we commend this fragment to the notice of our readers, with the supplementary remark that in the offence we can recognize no grades of criminality. The absence of motive may palliate, but can never wholly extenuate an offence.

MRS. J. E. H.—You are right in inculcating in your children a severe and economical, and at the same time an elegant taste in dress. Though dress is in itself no essential quality, we are induced to judge more of the real character and disposition from it than is generally imagined. We fancy it is in its different modifications a mark of good sense, delicacy and discretion, or the very opposite defects. Every woman should therefore study it so far as not to subject herself to unfavorable constructions. A compliance with fashion, so far as to avoid singularity, is necessary, but to run into the extremes of fashion, more especially those which are inconvenient, is a certain proof of a weak mind. In a system of education which brings the mind to such a hight of perfection as shall induce the practice of the best morals, the subject of dress cannot pass unnoticed; to be too strict in this matter would be giving birth to singularity, and singularity is not the offspring of judgment; or it would give disgust to the young mind, and incline it to regard the paths of folly as more pleasant than the paths of wisdom. For these reasons, we would confine our remarks on this subject to the avoiding the extremes of fashion, which always show little taste and less judgment; and also to avoiding great expense of time or money, which indicates a mind vain, trifling and ostentatious.

A **BUFFALONIAN** no sooner begins to talk with any one but his face is suffused with blushes, and he feels as if a thousand needles had been fired at his head. He is a modest and ingenuous youth, who is incapable of acting the part of a rogue, or going to the bank with a spurious signature. Never mind; it is an honest nature, and the evil diminishes with time and experience. There are many people in the world who cannot sustain a conference with one person. They must always have two or more. Napoleon himself was a man of this character; he could not bear a solitary interview. He was disconcerted and easily overcome on such occasions. Others prefer solitary interviews. Young people are all apt to think too much about themselves to be easy in their manners. They think they are eagerly watched and scrutinized, when, perhaps, they are not observed; and they annoy themselves with suspicions for which, in general, there is no foundation but their own vanity and anxiety.

FREE ACADEMY BOY.—"If I were going to Boston to-morrow," not "If I was going to Boston to-morrow." The former is generally called the past tense, subjunctive mood—conditional mood is better; and, moreover, the tense is not past in time, but past in your intention of going. "If I were going to Boston to-morrow, I should go by the train," is certainly not a past tense. When it is purely past, "was" is used with "if," as "Were you in Boston last August?" "If I was, it must have been towards the end of the month." This "was" is not contingent, but hypothetical. The subjunctive mood has always been a puzzle to grammarians. The best writers in the world sometimes commit blunders in grammar.

L. MCC.—There are many reasons for failure of memory. Breaking up of the constitution, indigestion, or overtasking of body and mind, will weaken the memory. By keeping yourself in good health, and by judicious exercise of the faculty, you can not only keep your memory from decay, but increase its power.

ROSE.—The name "Angelo" means a messenger. It is the same as "Angel," the messenger of God. The rhyme will tell you how to pronounce that troublesome word, "Giaour:"

"Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,
Is worthiest of immortal bower."

THE DOCTOR.—There is a prize in the wheel of fortune for every bachelor. At twenty-eight, and with such attractions, you should go more into society. You surely do not expect a lovely young woman to fall into your arms, and entreat you to be her husband. It is in love, as it is in business,—modesty, tact, and perseverance, are essential.

L. S. T.—You were wrong to mix up friendship and business. Let a transaction be either all friendship or all business.

Y. G. Z.—The Superior Court of this city is of equal power and dignity with the Supreme Court, and its judges are among the best in the State.

JESSIE.—You must not write on newspapers that you wish to send by mail, unless you want to be fined.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*